Egyptian KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Vol. 2 No. 2

President
Chester F. Lay
Southern
Illinois
Normal
University

25
Cents

Southern Illinois

FREEMAN from FREEMAN COAL

Bobby Dick and Seymour
Mines
Freeman Spur, Illinois

Domestic

Industrial

Daily Capacity 6000 Tons

FREEMAN COAL MINING CORPORATION

3615 Olive Street
St. Louis, Mo.
Jefferson 1919

120 West Adams Street
Chicago, Ill.
State 0920

An Energy Pickup For Active People

Ice cream, full of milk solids, fortified with sugar, makes a delicious snack for midmorning or midafternoon. It cools you off, sends you back to your work or play with renewed vigor.

Midwest
PURE CREAM

Sold In 7 States
Midwest Dairy Products Co.
General Offices: Du Quoin, Illinois

Thousands OF STOKER OWNERS HAVE A WARM SPOT FOR THE ORIENT TWINS

The superior qualities of these dependable twins of comfort, Orient Supertherm and Orient Airflow stoker, have won the enthusiastic approval of thousands of stoker owners. Cleanliness, velvety smooth feeding and instantaneous response to thermostatic regulation insure carefree, economical heating with these coals.

ORIENT COAL

From Franklin County, Illinois

CHICAGO, WILMINGTON & FRANKLIN COAL CO.
332 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS
BRANCH SALES OFFICES: ST. LOUIS, OMAHA, MINNEAPOLIS.

Hotels and Cafes

Hotel Roberts
Newly Decorated - Completely Modern
Coffee Shop
Under personal management of
MRS. A. L. PORTER
Carbondale, Illinois

FRANKLIN HOTEL
Newly Decorated and Re-conditioned
55 *All Outside Rooms*
PHONE 304
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

Logan Hotel
MODERN ROOMS
Cocktail Lounge in historic setting. Popular Priced Cafe.
Opposite courthouse on Routes 13 and 144
MURPHYSBORO, ILLINOIS

Hotel Lincoln-Douglas
QUINCY, ILLINOIS

Hotel Abraham Lincoln
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

BOB DINEEN
invites you to the
ILLINOIS HOTEL and
COFFEE SHOP
Cor. 4th and Washington Streets
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

The Perpetually New
VENDOME
HOTEL
EVANSVILLE 2,
INDIANA

MOTEL MARION
Deluxe Motor Court one mile west of Marion, Illinois, on Route 13. Centrally heated, carpeted floors, tile baths, "Spring Air" mattresses. Radio, fan, phone, and garage with each room.
Mrs. Thurmond, Mgr. Phone 1202

House of Bates
Fine Foods
Clean Comfortable Rooms
Entirely Modern
SPARTA, ILLINOIS PHONE 45

Egyptian KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Vol. 2, No. 2 January, 1945

Copyright 1945, Egyptian Key Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Table of Contents

President Chester F. Lay
Photo by C. Cliff Grindle....Cover
The Open Door..... 3
Egypt's Book Shelf..... 7
Don't Sell Egypt Short
By Will Griffith..... 9
Old Slave House
By Barbara Burr Hubbs.....11
The Old Mill
By L. Dudley.....13
Winter Beauty in Egypt.....14
Idols of Egypt
VIII. Morris Birkbeck
By Richard L. Beyer.....15
Your Egyptian Folklore
By Grace Partridge Smith.....20
Profile of a President
By Will Griffith.....22
To a Tree
By Guyla Wallis Moreland.....25
A Breath from the Past
By Tom Conner.....26
Coach Fare
By Emma Boyd Schultz.....30
Call of the Hills
By Guyla Wallis Moreland.....32
Plant Folkstitions
By Eva Oxford Gersbacher.....33
Yellow Clay
By Ferne Quigley Becher.....38
Hinderer House
By Katharine Quick Griffith.....39
Love's Request
By Eva M. Cruse.....42
Winter Sports in Egypt.....43
Egyptian Starlight
IV. John Reed Hodge.....44
Looking Ahead With Egypt
By Will Griffith.....46
Egyptian Benches 50
Power Unlimited 51
Egyptorials 52

EGYPTIAN KEY, VOLUME 2, Number 2. Published bi-monthly by Egyptian Key Publishing Company, Carbondale, Illinois. Will Griffith, Editor; Katharine Q. Griffith, Associate Editor; Barbara Burr Hubbs, Contributing Editor. $1.00 per year, 25 cents per copy wtthin continental United States. Elsewhere $2.00 per year. All rights reserved. Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs should be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope when return is desired.

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS
Bibles - Church Supplies - Gifts
Office Supplies
Baptist Book Store
213 W. Main Street Carbondale, Ill.

QUALITY BUILDING MATERIALS
Carbondale Lumber Co.

Murray
HOUSE FURN Co
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

EASTERLYS
SHERWIN - WILLIAMS PAINTS
WALLPAPERS AND GIFTS
Phone 57
102 E. Jackson Carbondale, Ill.

C. CLIFF GRINDLE
STUDIOS
Distinctive Photography
CARBONDALE
Phone 344 Normal at Monroe

Carbondale Ice and Coal Co.
C. W. Eddleman
405 N. Illinois Phone 171

Buzbee Florist
C. L. Carter, Prop.
BONDED MEMBER F. T. D.
321 S. ILLINOIS CARBONDALE

IT'S THE REAL THING
Coca-Cola
Carbondale Coca Cola Bot. Co.

Potter Motor Sales
Luther Potter, Jr., Proprietor
Chrysler and Plymouth
Sales and Service
We Buy Used Cars for Cash
Phone 928, 315 S. Illinois, Carbondale

The Open Door

Home on furlough I came across the EGYPTIAN KEY. I was not aware of the existence of the KEY until this time. Truthfully, I am surprised—surprised anyone had the gusto to come out with such an excellent publication.

Four years ago while attending the University of Illinois, I encountered many students from Chicago, and to my surprise I found that many of them were not enlightened to the fact that the State of Illinois extends on south of Springfield. Students from Northern and Central Illinois knew little or nothing of Egypt, except perhaps Centralia's basketball teams and West Frankfort's football teams. I further learned that the general regard of upstaters for downstate and downstaters does not deserve mention. At this time I changed from an Illinoisan to a Southern Illinoisan. Due to my experiences mentioned, and many more, I fully appreciate the cause of your publication and the true worth of your efforts. Count on me as a constant subscriber and a constant striver toward our common goal.

S/Sgt. Jack J. Lane
Nashville, Illinois

I have a complete file of KEYS from the beginning and treasure them very highly.

Surely this is a most remarkable magazine and should be in the hands of every true Egyptian at home or abroad.

It is truly "Acres of Diamonds" here in our back yard, still we did not know of the many fine people and places so close to us.

With best wishes for the continued success of the KEY.

Emery H. Davis
Anna, Illinois

"The Open Door":

This little heading means more than just a phrase to me and many more men likewise.

I was stationed in Texas a few months back in the summer and there was one incident that made me swell with pride down deep inside me. We were just having a session of batting the breeze when a small fellow mentioned being in Carbondale, Illinois, for College Training in the Air Corps Pilot Training program. Speaking of hospitality, this fellow flyer said he was invited out to dinner from church one Sunday by a very wonderful lady. It seems she was an elderly lady and the name when mentioned, was familiar to me. He sat and told the story of a wonderful evening in the home of a rank stranger. The touching part was when he said this lady was a perfect restoration of his mother to him. She was unaware that this soldier had his first experience of a real home and mother. He was an orphan from the age of five and had never known the love of a mother.

It is people like this lady who make our Egypt a wonderful and glorious place to be from and make it a place worth all we can give to protect it. May God bless these people who have made our region the theater we, all from Egypt, are longing to return to.

Best wishes for the future of your publication.

Cpl. Warner H. Hileman
Scott Field, Illinois

Have been so busy that reading of last issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY was neglected until a few evenings ago. I want you to know of my real appreciation of your opening message on "Fiddle Strings and Citizens." I am in hearty accord with its emphasis throughout. You are editing a most worth while magazine of historical, geographical, and general importance.

Edward L. Gibson, D.D.
Carbondale, Illinois

On traveling across the State of Illinois from the Wabash to the Mississippi River you can not but admire the rolling prairies, and fertile farms, but the Ozarks that sprawl across the State from the Mississippi to the Ohio are replete in scenic beauty.

As an employee of the Illinois Central Railroad, I learned many facts of Egypt's soil, the limestone bluffs along the rivers, and grand old Mississippi valley; the vast deposits of many kinds of clay, of iron ore, lead, zinc, and fluorspar; its fine fruit belt of the Alberta peach and Delicious apple and other fine fruit, which are rated as Number One in the markets. But the forty mile zone of Egypt with a population of around 250,000 needs production plants with large pay rolls to give employment; the raw material is there for production. Why not get United States government aid for civilian production? The whole world is a market, now and after the war. Henry Ford is planning a large production plant in or near St. Louis after the war. Why not offer inducements to locate the plant in Egypt or that forty mile zone?

Why not get aid for building and improvement of highways that should be connected with all state parks and the cities and farms of Egypt?

Southern Illinois needs leaders like the pioneers who will go out and get action. Start production of things people need and make a home market by spending your earnings at home and in that way there would be more employment and more trade for all business engaged in distribution and transportation of the home product.

I admire the EGYPTIAN KEY for its descriptive views and the places and spots of history which should all have a marker or monument. But the location or building of lakes and ponds in Egypt won't make large payrolls for the unemployed. Leave that to the farmer. By another year I hope the prayer of the EGYPTIAN KEY has come true.

J. M. Childers
Detroit, Michigan

Sutton's Beauty Shop
OVER HEWITT'S DRUG STORE
Phone 890 Carbondale
Closed Thursday p.m. Only

Horstman Cleaners
CARBONDALE — 210 W. Monroe — Phone 332
DU QUOIN — 8 S. Division — Phone 507
H. O. HORSTMAN

WISELY
Florist and Seedman
Murphysboro: 1605 Walnut St., Tel. 174-W-1
Carbondale: 208 W. Monroe St., Tel. 206

Our Monuments of Quality Afford a Feeling of Refinement
Sales transacted in display yard and office, no agents.
MURPHYSBORO MONUMENT COMPANY
J. B. Hoef Ph. 200 and 313-W

Rhodes-Burford House Furnishing Co.
CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS

RHEUMATISM
• ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS •
Get Mendenhall's Number 40 from your druggist or by mail postpaid for $1.25. Money back if first bottle fails to satisfy.
J. C. MENDENHALL MEDICINE CO.
Evansville, - - Indiana

Telephone 694
Odum's Concrete Products Mfg. Co.
Concrete and Cinder Blocks
Plant: 100 East St. Louis St.
WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.

MASTER BREAD

This is to tell you that I have received the EGYPTIAN KEY, both in France and Italy, and have enjoyed the few copies received very much. Mail priorities are rightfully given to our letters and packages, therefore, newspapers and magazines come through slowly, but I'm sure that any serviceman from Egyptian Illinois would find your publication filled with real home interests.

In looking over "The Open Door" section of printed letters, I am wondering if that is to be a permanent part of your publication, in which you are inviting letters of public opinion and comment on various subjects of interest in Southern Illinois? If so, I feel that "The Open Door" section will become a very interesting and colorful section.

I shall watch that section with special interest.

Pvt. A. J. Toler
Somewhere in France
Home address, Marion, Illinois

RED NECKTIE
MOUNT VERNON, ILLINOIS

We have in hand, all of the past issues. The KEY is sharing with its readers many subjects of interesting and informative nature pertaining to Egypt, Illinois.

The reservoir is large, so we can be sure that many more historical accounts, human narratives and other interesting features concerning our Egypt, Illinois, will continue with the issues.

Ed T. Woodworth
Jonesboro, Illinois

I just received a copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY (with the promise I return same to sender — H. Roper, Monrovia, California), and was thrilled to see my father's home —O. A. B. Rauchfuss, in Golconda and the glorious article you printed about the family—"Towers on the Ohio." Now I am sending you my dollar and could my subscription start with the Volume 2, Number 1, as I want that article, more than anything else in the world, of our family.

This magazine will make a fine Christmas present for me — especially if I can have this article to start it with.

Ruth R. Smith
Bay Shore, New York

We find your magazine very instructive and entertaining and feel that there is a decided need for a publication of this kind, as Southern Illinois is a region abounding in historical interest and many other interesting things.

Best wishes for permanent success.

Harry P. Dodds
Mt. Vernon, Illinois

I heartily commend your editorial "More Libel by Meyer." I read her series of articles as they came out. Who is she anyway to say anything at all about Southern Illinois? I look forward to getting the EGYPTIAN KEY.

Success for it.

Cora F. Gilmore
Johnston City, Illinois

Please accept many thanks for the copy of your magazine which I received on my eighty-sixth birthday. I suppose the young lady who wrote you for it thought William J. Bryan and I were relatives, but we cannot prove it, although we were raised only seventeen miles apart — I at Xenia and he at Salem, Illinois. Our families were great church people and visited each year, but not closely related. His family was from a colony in Virginia, while my family went from Pennsylvania, to North Carolina, then to Bryan's Station, five miles west of Lexington, Kentucky, where a fort was built and held for many years against the Indians. Our genealogy goes back to Sir Francis Bryan about 1560, I think it is, and the whole is interesting reading.

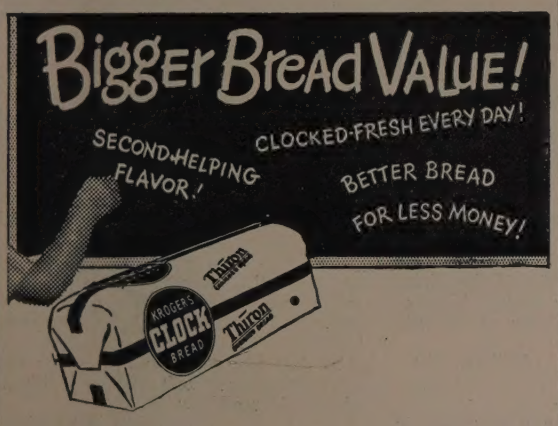
I was born December 3rd, 1858, at Southport, Indiana. Our family moved to Xenia, when I was three years old. The Bryan brothers and Fannie and my sisters, brothers and myself have had many happy hours together. When I was seventeen, I went to the depot at Xenia to learn telegraphy. I got a job at Summerfield and at Aviston, Illinois, on the O & M (now B & O S W). I left the O & M on June 1st, 1882, to take a place as book-

PYRAMID COAL COMPANY

Pinckneyville, Ill.

Operating One of the Largest Commercial Strip Mines in the United States

ALL SIZES — WASHED AND PREPARED
DEPENDABLE - ECONOMICAL



Your Favorite

KROGER STORE

Has This Exclusive Value

Try a Loaf TODAY

PREFABRICATED

"Stylecraft" "Gibraltar"
Homes Farm Buildings

••

Crates
Wholesale Lumber
and
Building Material

••

Illinois Lumber Manufacturing Co.

Drainage Dist. Main 180 Cairo, Ill.

BOOKS - STATIONERY - OFFICE SUPPLIES & EQUIPMENT

Since 1868 **Smith & Butterfield**

305-307 Main St. Phone 2-1121
Evansville 2, Indiana

KOHLSDORF'S
Quality Corner
ZEIGLER, ILLINOIS
PHONE 100
Nationally Advertised Brands
Ready-to-wear and Shoes

Wasson's Dept. Store
"We Deliver the Goods"
CARRIER MILLS, ILLINOIS

DANIEL
FOOD STORES

First Bank and Trust Company
★
CAIRO, ILLINOIS

Edgar Stephens & Sons
General Contractors
Office and Yards: 216 Tenth Street
Phone 398 Cairo, Illinois

The Bank of Marion
MARION, ILL.
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

The Sally Shoppe
Gifts for Everyone
Complete Line of Slip Covers and Drapery Materials, as Advertised in House Beautiful
500 Public Square Marion, Ill.

McIntyre Lumber Company
Lumber and Building Material
Phone 4 Harvey McIntyre, Prop.
512 W. Second St. Sparta, Illinois

keeper in the mill at Aviston, at double the salary I was making on the railroad. Two years after that the manager of the mill died and I got his place—a very good position for a boy twenty-six years old. The mill was a 500 bbl. flour mill owned by Manntel Borgers and Company of 210 & 212 So. Main Street, St. Louis. They were a Commission Co. and handled all the products of the mill. I remained with them sixteen years and then went in the Rogers Elevator at the foot of Bremen Avenue. Four years after this, the cupola and roof of it blew off and I went to Rogers Salt Company at 220 Pine Street as bookkeeper. Then Rogers closed and I went to the St. Louis. P. A. Company which merged into the Genl. Out Door Adv. Company and I stayed until my retirement June 12, 1932.

Again thanking you, O. L. Bryan
St. Louis, Missouri

I cannot tell you how thoroughly I enjoy the consistent excellence of your magazine. The KEY has begun a work which may definitely affect the cultural tone of Southern Illinois for generations. I congratulate you upon your opportunity, and wish you success in fulfilling it.
Marion, Illinois Norma N. Sparks

Enclosed find two dollars for which please enter my subscription for one year and please send me four of the October issue in which is the article of Dr. Harker. He was my uncle and I think the article is quite fine. My mother was the Mrs. Thos. Thompson spoken of. I was born in Stanley, Durham County, in '69 and came here as a small child.
Du Quoin, Illinois Mrs. A. F. Angell

I became acquainted with your magazine through a fellow worker who has property in Anna and expects to move there some day. He is a subscriber and has shown me copies, being I mentioned to him that I hoped to live in Southern Illinois some day. However, I must get my wife to get the same idea and I am sure I can, once she realizes the beauty of Southern Illinois.

I feel by getting copies of this magazine, she will learn far more than I can say and when the opportunity presents itself after the war I will visit all the places of interest particularly around Carbondale or Anna, as that is the part of Illinois I am interested in.

William Zitt
Downers Grove, Illinois

My copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY came in this morning's mail. Before I had read it my sister, Mrs. W. C. Irwin of Golconda, came by enroute to Front Royal, Virginia to spend the winter. We spied the article written by Mrs. Hattie Thompson Manning relating to Golconda. In a sudden burst of generosity, I gave her the magazine to show to the Virginians. Pray, may I have another?

My enthusiasm grows with each issue, over your splendid publication. Hope the paper shortage doesn't cut it off. I shall watch the mail eagerly for a copy of your latest issue. Mrs. J. A. Musgrave
Harrisburg, Illinois

Please enter another subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY for the Thistlewood Grade School. We desire it to start with the first issue of the KEY. We use them in our Social Science classes and the copies we have are very soiled and ragged. This second set will be bound for permanent filing.

The stories in the KEY of historical characters arouse interest early in the life of a child. In our study of Indians we use the articles on Pontiac and the Cherokee Indians.

Every school and public library in Southern Illinois should have a complete file of the KEY.

Ethel B. Hartman
Mounds, Illinois

A few days ago, I received a copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY. My niece in your city, Mrs. Sorgen, thought I would enjoy the article about Mr. Joseph Harker. Needless to say I did, also the one on Mr. Faris who was located at Anna when I lived in Cobden. When a girl in Du Quoin, I went to school with younger members of the Harker family. From Cobden I moved to Murphysboro and lived there many years, so I think I may claim to be an Egyptian. I enjoyed the photos of scenic beauty and am hoping that sometime you will picture Natural Bridge near Pomona. I saw it many years ago, and have always wished I could see it again.

I am enclosing one dollar for this year's subscription, and am sorry I had not known earlier of this very nice publication.

Mrs. Alice L. Herin
Kansas City, Missouri

. . . Two different views of the Pomona Natural Bridge have appeared in the KEY —Vol. I, No. 1 and Vol. I, No. 6.—Ed.

I certainly do not want to miss any issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY. It is my favorite magazine, and as my wife and I both are addicts to visiting nature's queer formations and all the historical spots in our own Egypt, we consider the KEY one of the blessings of readers in Southern Illinois.

I have enjoyed every issue up to date and am saving them for future reference, and I know you have lots of interesting resources left for many interesting issues to come.

So just put me down for a two year subscription and don't fail to notify me when it is used up.

Earl McClendon
Benton, Illinois

I am enclosing a check for $2 for which please issue a subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY for one year beginning with the first publication in 1945 as a gift subscription, and also a subscription for myself. I have a copy of each publication, and like the magazine very much. I am employed by the Bankston Creek Collieries Company on the stripping shovel, which appeared in one edition of your magazine.

Clyde Pittman
Harrisburg, Illinois

Egypt's Book Shelf

News and comments about books written by Egyptians or of books pertaining to Illinois and in particular to Egypt.

Growing Up With Southern Illinois (1820-1861), from the memoirs of Daniel Harmon Brush, edited by M. M. Quaife, The Lakeside Press, Chicago. This forty-second number of the Lakeside Classics brings to publication the long lost diary of a man who by reason of his prominence and manifold activities played a highly important part in the history of Southern Illinois. Colonel Brush, as he was widely known after the Civil War, was a pioneer builder in the formative period of Jackson County, Illinois; county officer, industrialist, merchant, banker, and lawyer. A Probate Clerk and Clerk of Circuit Court, he was chiefly instrumental in restoring the records after the disastrous fire, (1843), at old Brownsville, first county seat of Jackson County, and the removal of the seat of government to Murphysboro. He selected the site of the future city of Carbondale, (1852), two years before the completion of the Illinois Central Rail Road to that point and was the founder of the city, which he named Carbondale. For more than a quarter of a century he was the leader chiefly responsible for the development of the city's institutions including the chartered college which ultimately became Southern Illinois Normal University.

The diary, written in Colonel Brush's old age, was brought to an abrupt and tragic end by his accidental death in 1890, and brings the record of the varied activities of his remarkable career only to 1861.

For a vivid portrayal of pioneer conditions of a hundred years ago in the region known as Egypt, the diary is a rare historical document. It has been freely edited with many deletions from the original by Milo M. Quaife, Secretary of the Burton Historical Collection, Detroit Public Library. The prolix and tedious style of the original with over emphasis of trivial matters has been rendered by the editor into a very readable work about half the length of the manuscript. The original manuscript has been donated by the publishers to the Illinois State Historical Library at Springfield. The research student of the regional history of Southern Illinois will find it a mine of valuable source material.—E. G. Lentz.

* * *

War brings many problems but the ending of war causes just as great, and in many instances, greater questions for which we must find the answers. After the present war, the United States must solve the problem of the returning veteran. Some of our boys will come home without any scars of combat; some will return with grievous wounds and ailments; many will come back with a body member missing; some will be without sight; and many will come home with a disturbed outlook on life that will cause them to be a problem to us and to themselves.

Students of such matters have looked into this subject of the returning fighter. Mostly, these have been persons who never have known the rigors of actual warfare and consequently know not the reactions in the hearts and minds of actual fighting men. Well meant, their plans as suggested, have in many instances, failed to take into consideration the effect upon the soul of years of warfare.

Willard Waller, associate professor at Columbia University, has given a great amount of study to this vital matter. Born on a farm in Jackson County, Illinois, son of Elbert Waller of Murphysboro, Willard Waller fought in the first World War. He knows the horror of war at first hand.

In *Veteran Comes Back*, Willard Waller, after a short review of the problems which confronted the veterans of several wars of the past, proceeds to analyse the change that takes place in a civilian after his induction into the army; his new code of morals, his attitude toward religion, the results of living with horror and fear, the outgrowth of a life of cruelty and a life without mercy.

Waller takes up the returning veteran and discusses bluntly the problems he must face upon his return and the attitude the folks at home must have toward him. Frank treatment is given to the problem of the maimed and disabled; to those who, seemingly, have lost their sense of balance; to those who return wracked with unrest; to those who find their homes and marriages disrupted; to those who will attempt to exploit the veterans; to the problems of rehabilitation.

If you can take a strong straight dose of plain facts about this war and the resultant effects upon our life and culture, read Willard Waller's *Veteran Comes Back* published by The Dryden Press, New York.

* * *

Those who can remember the days of the river packets will enjoy with a sense of nostalgia, while those who are younger and who, perforce, must make the acquaintance of the romantic river days, will find both education and entertainment, in *Steamboatin'*.

Mary Wheeler of Paducah, Kentucky, became interested in the songs, and the life of the days when river packets steamed up and down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers kissing the shores of Egypt in many places and bringing travelers, merchandise, and food to the inhabitants of those river towns.

Love songs and spirituals; melodies that never have been known to music publishers but which were familiar to all who knew the rivers in the heyday of the river traffic; songs of the Negro roustabouts sung as they loaded or unloaded the steamers are preserved and recorded by the lady from Paducah. Accompanying many of the songs are sketches giving the history, the background, and the association. Illustrations show the life on the rivers of the packet period.

Steamboatin', by Mary Wheeler, is published by the Louisiana University Press, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

W. G.

The Mule in the Mine

toiled for years as a durable, dependable servant to a growing industry. But the mule in the mine has had his day—and the industry, keeping step in America's forward-moving parade, has turned to mechanization.

AMERICAN PROGRESS

We have come a long way—from Indian trails to broad highways—from lumbering covered wagons to swift automobiles—from sure-footed mules to powerful mine locomotives hauling record-making coal supplies for America's war effort and for home front service as well. Working together, we'll go on living the American Way.

BELL & ZOLLER COAL COMPANY

BELL BUILDING • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

ST. LOUIS • OMAHA • MINNEAPOLIS

Egyptian KEY
OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Don't Sell Egypt Short!

By WILL GRIFFITH

SOME persons are working for Egypt, sincerely, but ill-advisedly. Some are located outside the area and are fighting every progressive move made by Egyptians, but all the while appearing to be friendly to the area. Some are Egyptians who are lethargic, thereby hurting all efforts by their indolent attitude. Some are sincere, but are allowing themselves to be used. Many want to see something accomplished, but don't know just how to do it. Some are sincerely trying to work for the betterment of the area.

There is only one course for the true Egyptian. He must not sell Egypt short.

We have heard for years how Egypt is this and Egypt is that. To the outsider hearing this talk and reading this propaganda, it must seem to him that Egypt is a devastated section of the State of Illinois that is so far in the depths that there is nothing to be done except give it some alms and cry over its desiccated body. When we hear and read this tripe, we become nauseated.

The Illinois Post War Planning Commission sent its committee down into Egypt last October to receive suggestions as to the ways in which post war efforts should be directed in our area. Several very good ideas were advanced. Some sobs were heard. Some concrete constructive suggestions were made; definite, practical plans offered. Some let loose the usual cry about a stricken, devastated area.

The result? The committee's report reads like that of a missionary society's recommendation. When you assay the report, you find that outside of three or four items all that is recommended for Egypt, is a bunch of pap.

There is the immediate reaction, that this poor area cannot have much done for it. The poor sinner is so besotted, that all that can be done is to say a few prayers and hope that Divine Providence will in Its wondrous way, find some miracle to perform.

Egypt is not in the class of the heathen, the habitual drunkard, the criminal, the hopeless dreg of humanity.

Egypt wants just one thing,—justice. Justice will give her a fair share of the post-war improvements. Egypt is one-fourth of the State in area. Egypt has in round figures one million citizens. Give Egypt her proportionate share of the post-war funds and there will be no gripe from her.

The fault does not lie wholly at the doorsteps of the up-staters. They are unsold on Egypt, by Egyptians. The negative psychology that is floating around cannot help but un-sell up-staters on Egypt.

Why in the name of uncommon sense must we drag out all the skeletons from our closets? Other communities don't do it. Why must we talk of unemployment? Other communities don't do it. Why must we talk about relief loads and problem areas? Egypt is not a problem area and does not have any relief loads. It is true that possibly some small sections of Egypt have had their bad times. So have sections of Pennsylvania, Ohio, California, New York, and to bring it close to home, up-state Illinois. Do you hear about these skeletons? No.

Have you tried to employ a man to do some work, lately? Have you tried to find a house maid? Have you tried to hire an office worker? If you have, you know the answer. For more than three months, one of the leading manufacturing industries in Egypt, has been carrying a daily advertisement in the papers of the area, seeking employees. Is Egypt a stricken area? No.

If you make so bold as to question this vicious propaganda, you are told you do not understand. You are informed that if something is wanted from the state and the federal governments, you must cry on their shoulders to get it. Is that how St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Dyersburg, Tennessee, Memphis, Illiopolis, Illinois, Cincinnati, Louisville, Kankakee, Illinois, and the thousands of war-prosperous areas got their plants? Not on your life. They sold the federal government and their respective states on their qualifications, their high type citizenry, their forward looking business men.

In contrast, Egypt sobs its head off. Egypt tells the

world that it needs help as the indigent child of the State. Do you like such talk, Egyptians? We don't. We can cite too many prosperous citizens of Egypt, who, come panic and depression, high water and low water, war and peace, have continued to prosper.

Egypt should have had more than one war plant. Survey the entire State of Illinois, survey Indiana, survey Kentucky. How does Egypt measure up in the quantity of war plants?

Egypt is God's country. Prove us wrong. That is a challenge. Egypt has the makings of a great section of this country of ours. Prove us wrong. Egypt can, if she will. Prove us wrong. Egypt can get industry, if she tries and tries for the right kind of industry. Prove us wrong. Egyptians are not low class, alm seeking citizens. Prove us wrong.

Now is the time to strike. Now is the time to get ahead. Now is the time to demand for Egypt, Egypt's just dues. Let our national government be sold on the good qualities of Egypt, don't pass the hat to Washington. Our state government is familiar with the election returns of last November. It knows who cast the votes. We must not cringe before Springfield. We must walk erect, pound the table a little, demand, yes demand our just share. They will have much more respect for us.

The time has come to talk turkey, not sealing wax and ships. The time has come to stand up and be counted. The time has come to bury forever, so deep that all the engineers of the army can not excavate deep enough to bring it forth again, that old chestnut that Egypt is unable to help herself, that Egypt is an alms asking area.

Within twenty miles of the KEY office there are five rated millionaires. Investigate their histories. Not a one of them inherited his wealth. In every instance this accumulation of worldly means, was acquired by virtue of personal work. And, lest someone bring up the point, and question it, let us say that in every instance, this accumulation was made, honorably, from Egypt—not elsewhere in some so-called Elysian fields where the grass grows greener and there is a chicken in every pot.

Psychology is a prevalent course and topic at our institutions of higher learning. It is a good mouth-filling word. It is a word that is hard to spell. Some of the greatest exponents of psychology have never studied it. Some persons call it just plain common horse sense. Be that as it may, we feel strenuously in this matter. Psychology, to be successful must be positive to accomplish that which we want for Egypt. Let us cease publishing negative articles. Let us stop making negative speeches. Let us stop writing negative reports. Let us end this negative propaganda.

It is time for all the citizens of Egypt to rally under the one banner of Egypt. A bright, daring, courageous, positive flag. The Stars and Stripes have flown gloriously in the four corners of the earth. The three colors of our beloved national flag are anything but negative colors. They are as positive as can be found. They are not shades, nor tints, nor hybrid colors. Primary, pure, positive. Egypt, take a lesson from our flag.

Egyptians, don't sell Egypt short!

A Hunk of Sassafras

A sassafras tree in the yard of the Egyptian Greenhouses, halfway between Murphysboro and Carbondale, is claimed to be the third largest sassafras tree in the United States and the largest in Illinois. Spread of tree 40x50 feet, height 67 feet, 14 feet from ground to main fork, trunk 46 inches in diameter, 4½ feet from ground. Left — Philip Florio, Murphysboro, standing against the sassafras tree. Right—Philip Florio and Robert Dimmick study the size of tree.

Old Slave House

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

An old house filled with tragic memories of an era long past and almost forgotten by the present generation.

HIGH above the beautiful valley of the Saline River stands the Old Slave House, a mansion built from the profits of the first industry developed in Illinois. Salt was made in the neighborhood from the time of the first aborigines, who left shreds of pots and baskets as our only record of their existence. In the days when Illinois was governed as part of the Northwest Territory, the town of Equality came into being as the center of the United States reservation set aside for the making of salt. Title in that land, with its salt water and timber reserve, passed from nation to state in 1818. The state leased the profitable salines to the highest bidder, and the last lessee was the builder and occupant of what we call the Old Slave House.

To John Hart Crenshaw and his family their home was always known as Hickory Hill. The three-story mansion on its hilltop was the very solid evidence of a profitable twenty years engaged in the business of making salt and in various other local enterprises. John Crenshaw was not yet seventeen when his father died in 1814, the year a federal land office was opened at

Right — Painting of the Old Slave House by Lane K. Newberry, Chicago artist. The eerie look of the mansion at night well supports the tales of ghostly sounds from the third floor.

Below — Mr. and Mrs. John Hart Crenshaw, original occupants of the house.

Shawneetown and homesteads could be claimed by something better than squatter's right. The boy had enough faith in himself and the country to make his entry a quarter section of land, 160 acres. When the United States census of 1830 was taken, John Crenshaw owned any number of acres, as well as three of the nine furnaces in Gallatin County, furnaces used in reducing the salt water from the natural springs and wells to salt crystals.

During the 1830's, John Crenshaw built the mansion that was the mark of his success. The three-story building stands atop a hill three hundred feet above the water of Saline River. Its architecture may be described as an ungainly adaptation of the Greek Parthenon, for the first and second stories have colonnaded porches stretching across the front, while the third story forms a pediment, broken by a large window. The hip of the roof is flattened, and from this "walk" may be seen a magnificent view of the valley threaded by the river and paved highways.

Twelve pillars, each cut from the heart of a pine tree, are set in a double row to support the full two stories of the front porches. The house was built of brick and covered with frame, a method seldom found in Illinois. Plaster of sand and hair is noticed especially in the upper rooms. The foundation measures fifty by fifty feet, formed of sills twelve inches square, hewn from single trees and hauled to the site by ox teams. This solid underpinning and the hand-pegged framing have made the building endure.

On the first two floors the large rooms have ceilings twelve feet high. From front to rear there runs a center hallway, more than sixteen feet wide. The rear wall once contained double doors large enough to admit a carriage or small wagon, so the back hall could be used as a driveway.

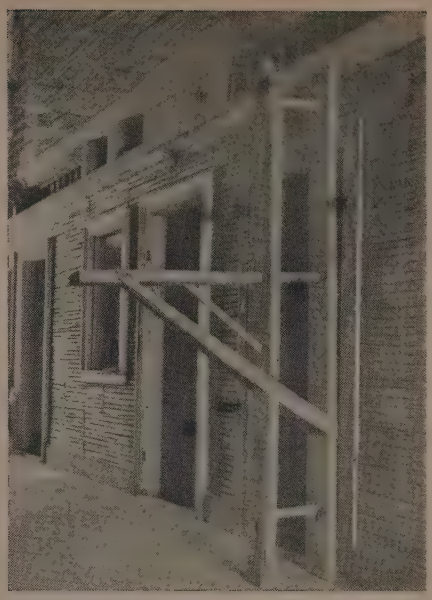
It is the third story that attracts visitors. The narrow flight of stairs leads to a large hall, flanked by narrow doorways. Half these doors lead into small square rooms, each provided with a window looking into the hall but with no opening to the outer air. The other doorways lead into narrow cells, six feet by three, the measurements of a grave. Into them are built double-tiered bunks, twenty-two inches wide. A slatted opening is cut at head and foot of each bunk to allow an air passage.

The occupants of these cubby-holes, so different from the large bright rooms below? Who but the slaves who worked the salt wells and tended the furnaces. Yes, even in the free state of Illinois. The Black Laws permitted slave-holding immigrants to bring their Negroes into Illinois under a system of indentured service. Employers unable to secure laborers were allowed to lease slaves from their owners in slave territory. The im-

Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg

Bedroom on first floor of the house, where it is claimed Abraham Lincoln slept.

Left—Stairs leading to third floor where the slaves were quartered. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg). Below—The Old Slave House. (Photo from the collection of Brig. Gen. Wm. McAndrew).



Left—Cells on third floor of the Old Slave House. (Photo from the collection of W. V. Rathbone). Right—Whipping post on third floor. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg).

portance of the salt works to the pioneer economy was one of the primary reasons for the second arrangement. In a country where every able-bodied man could hew out his own homestead, the government recognized the impossibility of hiring laborers to produce the necessary salt.

John Crenshaw leased numbers of Negroes in Kentucky and brought them to Equality as laborers in his salt-works. The quarters on the third floor of his home were provided for this valuable property that must be guarded constantly. An escape meant reimbursing the slave's owner at the highest market price. The small rooms on the third floor were used to house the families among the slaves, the double-bunked cells served the single ones. A closed wagon could be driven into the first floor hall, the outer doors locked, the Negroes could be sent to their quarters and locked in until time for the next day's work. Punishment came quickly to the unruly. Whipping posts lie on the floor of that upper hallway, mute evidence of the severe rule of the rod.

What wonder that the superstitious say mysterious voices can be heard from those upper rooms, sometimes moaning, sometimes singing the spirituals that comfort heavy hearts.

The Old Slave House is indicated as Number 15 on the map of Egypt in Volume 1, Number 1, Egyptian Key.—Ed.

The Old Mill

By L. DUDLEY

The mill is still and the voice of the miller
Is heard no more in the dusty gloom,
Nor the droning sleep of a weary tiller
Of soil as he waits in the milling room . . .
And the wheel is still, its busy hum
Is heard no more—its work is done.

The mill is still and the land is dreaming,
But the river speaks to the rocky shore;
It murmurs low where the sands are gleaming,
Then turns on its way to the sea once more . . .
And the hushed land hearkens and comes awake,
And sounds in the high noon quiver and break.

An ox-team strains where a field lies fallow,
An ax rings clear in a woodland glade;
Boats are plied in the riffling shallow,
And slow smoke curls where a camp is made . . .
And high on the hill, and down in the glen
Echo phantom steps of long-dead men.

The mill is still, though the lush land quickens,
And stirs to a life it knew of yore,
Each far-flung echo halts and sickens
In the quiet mill and is heard no more . . .
The land harks back to its yesterday,
But the brooding mill is still alway.

Winter Beauty in Egypt

Upper left—Chandler Orchard south of Carbondale. (Photo by Stewart Chandler). Upper right—Anna Hospital campus. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna). Center left—Evergreens on reservation of Illinois Forestry Department, Benton. (Photo by Illinois Forestry Department). Center right—Burden Falls in winter. (Photo by John Foster, Harrisburg). Lower left—Riverside Park, Murphysboro. (Photo by Bob Riseling, Murphysboro). Lower right—Anna State Hospital campus. (Photo by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna).

Idols of Egypt

VIII. Morris Birkbeck

By RICHARD L. BEYER

An Englishman who came to Illinois in the early days to found a settlement that has carried on the culture of that "tight little isle."

IT IS A fact, curious perhaps, but true, that the best remembered figures in the history of the infant state of Illinois are the men who made their reputations in politics: Shadrach Bond, Ninian Edwards, Pierre Menard, Edward Coles, Elias Kent Kane, Jesse B. Thomas. The one major exception is Morris Birkbeck, whose entire political career covered only three months, and who gained his fame as a colonizer, traveler, author, and scientific farmer.

The name of Birkbeck is worthy indeed of being included in a list of the Idols of Egypt, for he was one of the most versatile and cultured men on the Illinois frontier. And the fame that he earned came not as the result of a lifetime of activity in this area, but instead it all was compressed within eight years that were filled with significant accomplishments.

Morris Birkbeck loved to travel, and three years before he made the best known journey of his life into the Illinois Country, this son of a Quaker preacher, crossed from England into France. He and his friend, George Flower, avoided the usual routes taken by Britons when they visited France, and instead, they dipped into the comparatively unknown places. Their trip in 1814 took them as far south as the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean Sea.

Shortly after the completion of this tour, Birkbeck wrote his *Notes on a Journey Through France*, which had a very wide circulation in Great Britain. It also was read extensively in the United States, and it is known that Thomas Jefferson had a copy of it at Monticello. Thus, its author was something more than a nonentity in 1817, when he came to the United States.

By vocation, Birkbeck was a farmer. The son of Morris and Hannah Bradford Birkbeck, he was born January 23, 1764, in Settle, England, a small shire about fifteen miles east of Lancaster. He had worked on a farm when he was a youth, and in later life he acquired a long lease on an estate of fifteen hundred acres at Wanborough in Surrey. On this south English farm he introduced most of the new methods in raising crops and livestock, and was quick to use improved agricultural implements. He was one of the first, and probably the first, to raise merino sheep in England. All in all, he was recognized as one of the really progressive farmers in the British Isles.

What caused Morris Birkbeck, apparently a man of high repute, to leave Surrey and to come to the Illinois frontier? Possibly the depression years that followed the Napoleonic wars—years of joblessness, low wages, heavy national debt, and burdensome taxation—were responsible, although a man of Birkbeck's class might not feel all of these effects as much as many others. Possibly the opportunity to invest in the New World and make a good profit was a motive. It is known that Englishmen with some surplus capital were looking for American real estate after the Treaty of Ghent had ended the War of 1812, and peaceful relations between the two nations were restored. With the coming of peace, English money was available for investment abroad.

There is no doubt, however, that Birkbeck was dissatisfied with the political and religious conditions that confronted men of his class in England. He was inclined liberally in politics, but since he was not a freeholder he was unable to qualify as a voter for Parliament. The Reform Bills that widened the suffrage were still many years in the future. "Having no elective franchise, an English farmer can scarcely be said to have a political existence, and political duties he has none," complained Birkbeck, who found such a situation plainly intolerable. Moreover, he opposed the teachings of the Anglican Church, and yet by compulsory taxation he was obliged to support it.

Birkbeck decided to come to the New World to "exchange the condition of an English farmer for that of an American proprietor," and he hoped to attract those fellow countrymen who would be interested in joining him in establishing a progressive rural colony. The charge hurled at him later that he was trying to establish a swanky, rich man's settlement is without foundation, for Birkbeck plainly announced: "On these estates we hope to live much as we have been accustomed to live in England: but this is not the country for fine gentlemen or fine ladies of any class or description, especially for those who love state, and require abundance of attendants."

It took Birkbeck twelve months to arrange his affairs so that he could leave Surrey, and in that time he sold his property for $55,000. Finally, on May 13, 1817, he and his children (his wife, Prudence Bush Birkbeck had died thirteen years earlier), arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, and began the American journey that was to become one of the best known in early nineteenth century history.

From Norfolk the Birkbeck party went by steamboat to Richmond, and there it was joined by Flower who had come to the United States a year earlier, and who already had visited the Territory of Illinois. Flower, aged 29, and hence 24 years younger than Birkbeck, conducted the travelers on their western trip. They procured two

light coaches and a Jersey wagon to get to Fredericksburg, and Birkbeck found the two-day ride, "dear, but very agreeable traveling."

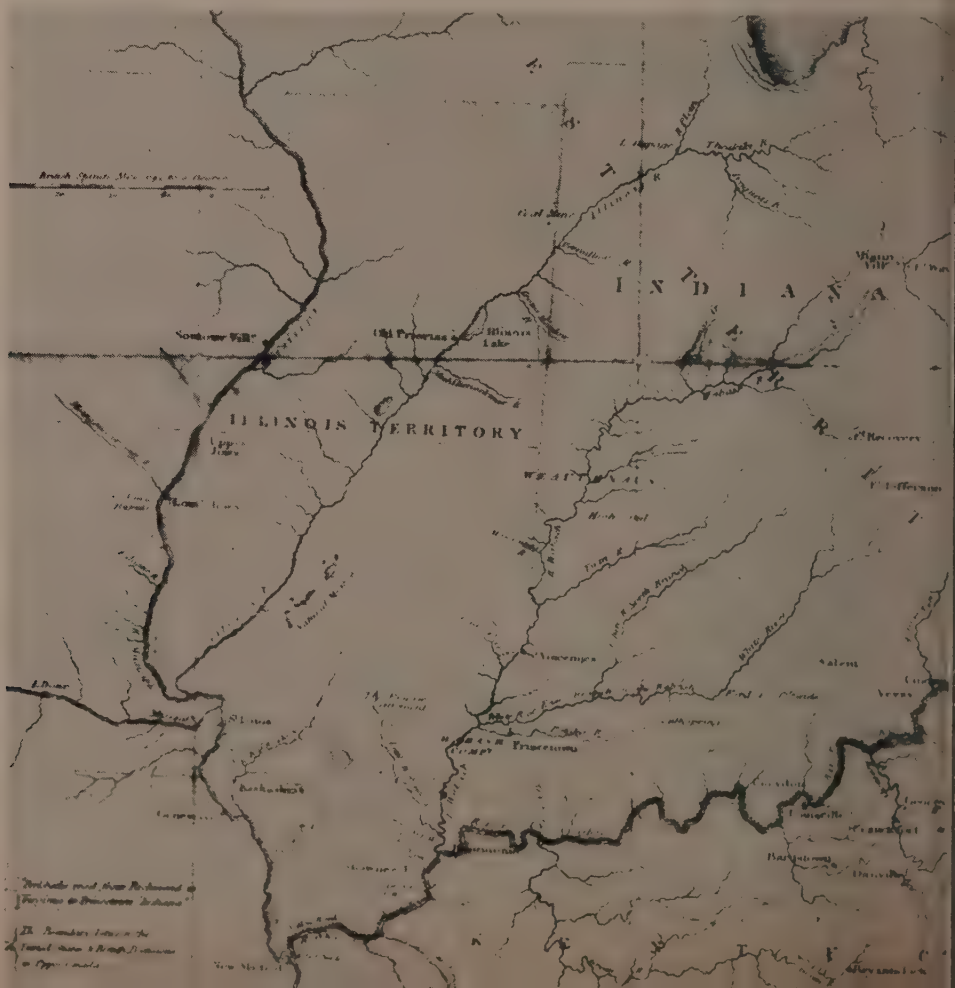
The Englishmen continued on to "The Federal City," Fredericktown, McConnell's Town, and Pittsburgh. At the latter town, estimated by Birkbeck to have seven thousand inhabitants, the party paused for more than a week to make preparations for a horseback trip into the region that once was the Northwest Territory. Like many other persons, for example, the young Connecticut Yankee, Silas Chesebrough, who visited it a few months later, Birkbeck found Pittsburgh something of a disappointment. The town had not progressed industrially as much as he had been led to believe, and the impolite, improvident, and intemperate Irishmen there, annoyed him.

It was shortly after leaving Pittsburgh that Birkbeck's thinking about his ultimate colony seems to have become clearer. When he first came to America, he was determined to seek a site that would measure up in two respects. First of all, he wanted a healthful area for settlement; one that would have a climate that was "temperate, salubrious and delightful." Secondly, he was determined not to build where slavery was legal. He wrote, "if political liberty be so precious that to obtain it, I can forego the well-earned comforts of an English home, it must not be to degrade myself and corrupt my children by the practice of slave-keeping." Now, to these two decisions, Birkbeck added a third: it was the determination to buy new land at the minimum government price of two dollars an acre, rather than the improved land that speculators were constantly offering him at a higher price.

Probably it was the latter decision that kept Birkbeck and his party pushing on and on into the West until finally they came to the Illinois Country. He observed that most of the "improvements" on the speculators' lands were of little value, and concluded that by hard work and "a few temporary privations," his English colonists could take new land and make it just as valuable, if not more so, than that which was being offered him by the real estate men all along the way.

By early July, the travelers had crossed the state of Ohio, and on the 13th of that month they arrived at Vincennes, Indiana, and on the 24th at Harmonie, Indiana. The residents of Vincennes were agreeable to Birkbeck, but the town's location was "seemingly unfavorable to health." On July 26, the group crossed the Wabash and there on the "Big Prairie," Birkbeck found the Promised Land. "To our astonishment," he admitted, "we beheld a fertile plain of grass and arable, and some thousand acres covered with corn, more luxuriant than any we had before seen."

Having decided to make their colony in southeastern Illinois, Birkbeck and Flower went to the land office at Shawneetown, and as the former wrote: "I had just constituted myself a land-owner by paying seven hundred and twenty dollars, as one-fourth of the purchase money



Map from Birkbeck's "Notes on a Journey in America to the Territory of Illinois."

Photo by Carl Sorgen, Marion

of fourteen hundred and forty acres: this, with a similar purchase made by Mr. Flower, is part of a beautiful and rich prairie, about six miles distant from the Big, and the same from the Little Wabash. The land is rich natural meadow, bounded by timbered land, within reach of two navigable rivers, and may be rendered immediately productive at a small expence."

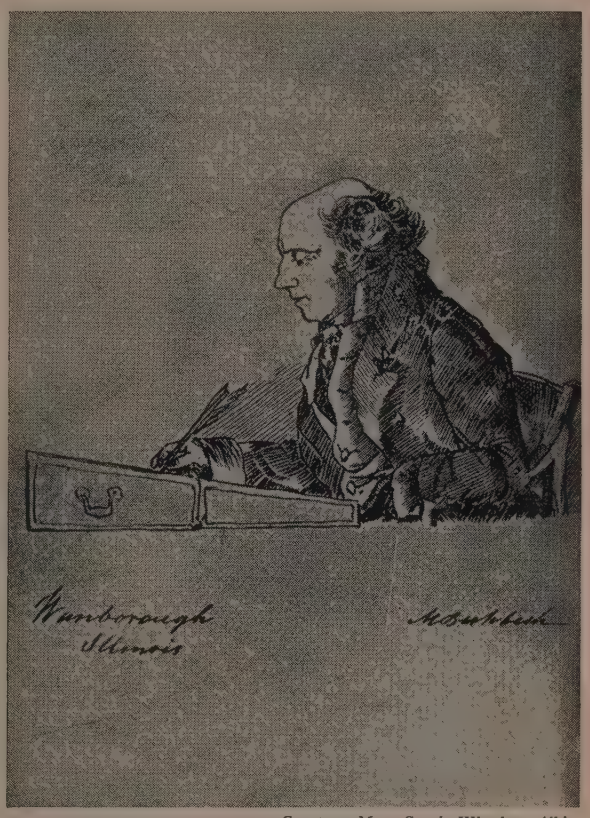
While at the site of the land office, Birkbeck looked over Shawneetown, and although originally he was not disposed too well toward this community, his opinions of it improved before he left. On August 3, he wrote, "We left Shawnee Town this morning under more agreeable impressions regarding its inhabitants than we had entertained. . . . " He mentioned the presence of a certain amount of "river barbarism," but added that he had met more "agreeable individuals" than had been expected. Furthermore, the tavern at which the travelers stopped afforded them kind and hospitable treatment. Birkbeck confessed amazement though at the determination of the residents of Shawneetown to cling to their location, despite the frequent floods of the Ohio River. "Once a year," he noted, "the inhabitants either make their escape to higher lands, or take refuge in their upper stories, until the waters subside, when they recover their position on this desolate sandbank."

Following the selection of the scene for his colony, Birkbeck went back to Princeton, Indiana, and continued the travel chronicle that he had started to write in late April when he was still at sea—five hundred miles east of Cape Henry, Virginia. The book that resulted bore the title, *Notes on a Journey in America to the Territory of Illinois*. It was a work that attained an immediate popularity. It was published in Philadelphia, London, Dublin, and Cork. Seven editions in the English language were printed, and within a year it was translated into the French and the German. When one assesses the fame that is Birkbeck's, no little of it will be found to rest on the authorship of the *Notes*.

The book is the work of an educated man and a skillful writer. Mention might have been made even earlier of Birkbeck's ability to handle languages. He mastered the English language at an early age, and it is possible that his appointment, when he was a boy, as secretary to a Quaker organization gave him some training. His work as a clerk for the Friends also taught him to be orderly in the arrangement of written material, and the *Notes* are a well organized work. Doubtless Birkbeck's knowledge of Latin, Greek, and French also contributed to his literary gifts.

As one studies the *Notes* he concludes that they have a three-fold significance. First, this definitely is a piece of advertising for the "English Prairie," as the settlement sometimes was to be called, and Birkbeck's description of his property was influential in bringing people from abroad to Edwards County. Then, the book proved to be a valuable guide for Americans who were going from the east to the west either as settlers or tourists. As is well known, the years immediately following the close of the War with England in 1814, brought one of the greatest migrations in all American history to the frontier. These travelers were avid for information about the New West. How did one travel? What equipment should one take along? How much did the trip cost? Where should one go? A thousand questions could be raised, and in an effort to answer them, a veritable flood of books on the frontier appeared. Some of them, such as Samuel R. Brown's *The Western Gazetteer or Emigrants' Directory*, were factual and informative, some of them were amateurish, but nearly all were popular and they sold.

Birkbeck's *Notes* ranked high among the western travel literature of the period, and were packed with information. He was precise about routes, about distances, about costs of transportation, lodging, and food. It is



Courtesy Mrs. Sarah Wheeler, Albion

Reproduction of sketch of Morris Birkbeck.

interesting, perhaps, to note that two of the most factual reporters of the frontier in the early part of the nineteenth century were not Americans, but Britons. Like John Melish of Glasgow, who made the western journey a few years before, Birkbeck recorded weather conditions and even the temperatures of the air and water. Birkbeck was curious; although he had a few pronounced dislikes, he was interested in nearly everything he encountered, and he reported it in his book. For example, he was appalled by the magnitude of an American breakfast, and after gorging one on the frontier, he wrote:

"An American breakfast is much in the same style on the eastern coast of Virginia, and in the centre of the Ohio state: a multifarious collection of discordant dishes fatiguing to the mistress of the house in its preparation, and occasioning much unpleasant delay to the traveler.

"A gentleman, myself, and three children sat down

this morning [at Rushville, Ohio] to a repast consisting of the following articles: coffee, rolls, biscuits, dry toast, waffles (a soft hot cake, of German extraction, covered with butter), pickerell salted (a fish from Lake Huron), veal cutlets, broiled ham, gooseberry pie, stewed currants, preserved cranberries, butter and cheese: for all this, for myself, and three children, and four gallons of oats, and hay for four horses, we were charged six shillings and nine pence sterling."

Thirdly, Birkbeck's *Notes* are regarded as one of the fine pieces of source material for the history of the American frontier. The author is quoted widely, and just about every person who has written about or has taught the subject of the great westward movement after the War of 1812 has used Birkbeck's observation: "We have now fairly turned our backs on the old world, and find ourselves in the very stream of emigration. Old America seems to be breaking up, and moving westward. We are seldom out of sight, as we travel on this grand trek, towards the Ohio, of family groups, behind and before us, some with a view to a particular spot, close to a brother perhaps, or a friend who has gone before, and reported well of the country."

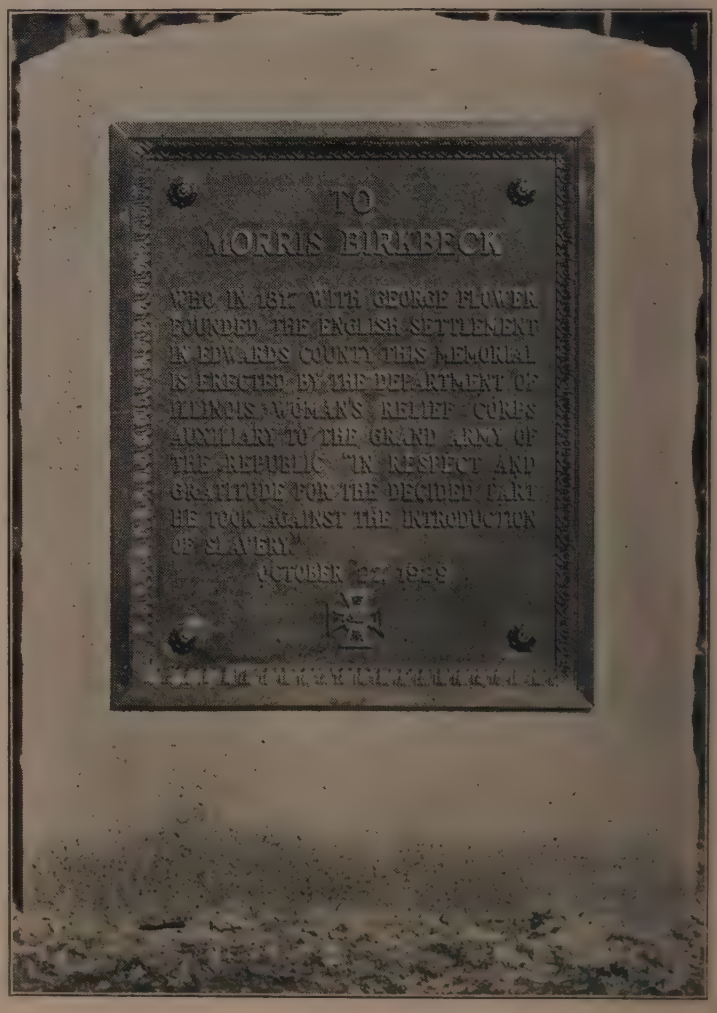
In 1818, the year of Illinois' statehood, the colonization of Edwards county by Birkbeck and Flower became a reality, and the communities of Wanborough and Albion were established. By the next year, it was estimated that 700 Americans and 400 Englishmen were in the settlements. It was necessary to rely on the Rappites at nearby Harmonie for food for a while, but soon the large farms were productive, and the English Prairie gained a good reputation for its fine cattle, sheep, and hogs. In time the settlement of Wanborough disintegrated while that of Albion prospered.

Inasmuch as Birkbeck long had been interested in scientific farming, it was fitting that he should be named the president of the first agricultural society in Illinois. The society was organized in the fall of 1819, and Edward Coles, along with Birkbeck, was influential in the formation thereof. Coles, by the way, was vice-president at the time that Birkbeck headed the society. It operated until 1825, and not only offered premiums for the raising of grains and livestock, but also encouraged the production of flax, hemp, cotton, tobacco, castor oil, wool, homespun cloth, malt liquor, salt, and cheese. Birkbeck urged the members to stress grazing and dairying. He warned them against misuse of the soil. And concerned, as always, about the healthfulness of a community, he recommended the draining of stagnant waters to help prevent the spread of disease. Birkbeck proved that a living could be made on the prairies. What a difference there would have been in the history of our country if this fact had not been proven so early in the life of Illinois.

Despite its fine leadership, troubles soon beset the English Prairie. There was some friction between the English and the Americans, and Dr. Daniel Berry, in his study of Birkbeck, attributed it to the surviving animosities of the War of 1812. After all, the settlement was made just a few years after the Battle of New Orleans, and some of the American veterans of that engagement were in the area. Birkhead did his best to be conciliatory, and succeeded in smoothing out some of the ill feeling.

Birkbeck soon found himself involved in another controversy. It grew out of his publicizing the settlement in his *Letters from Illinois*, which favorably advertised the Prairie. This book attracted much attention and stimulated English migration to the United States. William Cobbett, British politician, was in America at the time, and he visited the settlement. Then he issued a blast to the effect that Birkbeck's statements as to the healthfulness and fertility of the Illinois Country, were exaggerated. The resulting controversy was acrimonious, and it showed that Cobbett deserved the nickname, "Porcupine," which had been given him because of his sharp pen. Birkbeck defended his colony, and accused Cobbett not only of being ignorant, but of

Marker in yard of Edwards County Courthouse, Albion.
Courtesy Albion Journal Register


TO
MORRIS BIRKBECK
WHO IN 1817 WITH GEORGE FLOWER
FOUNDED THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT
IN EDWARDS COUNTY THIS MEMORIAL
IS ERECTED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF
ILLINOIS WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS
AUXILIARY TO THE GRAND ARMY OF
THE REPUBLIC "IN RESPECT AND
GRATITUDE FOR THE DECIDED PART
HE TOOK AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION
OF SLAVERY"

having an alliance with eastern land speculators "who wish to see Illinois in ruin and utterly discarded." The quarrel did attract a great deal of attention to the settlement, and impartial observers found that although Birkbeck lacked no talents as an advertising man, yet Cobbett's criticisms were far too severe.

Success of the colony was jeopardized as the result of a quarrel between Birkbeck and Flower. The circumstances of the dispute are not entirely clear. At any rate, after Flower had returned from England where he had published Birkbeck's account of the Illinois Country, he found that the latter would have nothing to do with him. Business between the two henceforth was conducted through an intermediary, but there is some evidence that Birkbeck was trying to patch up the disagreement just before his death.

Birkbeck's political career was brief, and consisted of a three-month occupancy of the secretaryship of state in Illinois. The appointment was made by Governor Coles, who apparently first became acquainted with Birkbeck in England years earlier. Birkbeck took the secretaryship on October 15, 1824, and retired exactly three months later when the Illinois Senate refused to confirm the appointment. In the short time that he held the position Birkbeck served efficiently, but his long-standing and outspoken opposition to slavery made him unacceptable to the pro-slavery element in the legislature.

Of middle stature, spare, wiry, muscular, with face bronzed from exposure, Birkbeck was a fighting Crusader. Characterized by Governor John Reynolds as the first literary man to settle in Illinois, Birkbeck threw all his writing talent into the fight against slavery. His writings, under the pen name of Jonathan Freeman, in the *Illinois Gazette*, converted many outside Edwards County to his way of thinking. Without the modern tools of daily newspapers, magazines, and radio, Birkbeck, through his widely distributed pamphlet, must be credited with a major share in saving Illinois from the evil of slavery.

In the late spring of 1825, Birkbeck and his son visited Robert Owen at New Harmony, formerly Harmonie. On the return trip they attempted to cross the Fox River, a bayou of the Wabash, swollen by heavy rains. The current swept horses and riders into deep water and Birkbeck was drowned, while his son barely escaped the same fate. Birkbeck's death on June 4, 1825, at the age of 61, removed from the Illinois scene one of the most talented men that the State then knew; a State whose history is all the richer because of his decision to plant therein his English Prairie.

Barge Tow on Ohio River

View of the Ohio River from Rauchfuss Hill, Golconda.
Photo by Raymond Jenkins, Golconda; Courtesy Virginia Curtis, Golconda

Your Egyptian Folklore

By GRACE PARTRIDGE SMITH

The study of Egyptian folklore is a fascinating one, showing as it does the beliefs, proverbs, jokes, and legends of the early settlers of this area.

ALMOST every Egyptian is aware of his Egypt's folklore, but, as is often said of the weather, "nobody seems to do anything about it!" At least, only a few. From time to time, there have been presented in book and journal as well as in broadcasts, various aspects of Egypt's lore without exhausting, however, the material in this field, for much is waiting to be harvested. Efforts to exploit regional traditions in this section of the State have made, and will tend to make, both its individuals and its groups folklore conscious. Egypt's folklore is more and more becoming valued, not as an oddity, but as an index of the life and spirit of its citizens.

In contrast to Lincoln lore, Logan lore, or Indian lore, much of which is common knowledge among Illinois folk, the title above refers to what may be termed "everyday" or "homespun" lore, only now and then recognized as part of the background of folk culture. This body of tradition includes stories of witches and ghosts, "hants" and "voices," superstitions of all sorts, proverbs and sayings, jokes and anecdotes — to mention only some of the types of folklore to be discovered up and down Egyptian trails.

A survey of the folklore in Southern Illinois, as well as of that in any other section of the United States, brings out two points with reference to such material: first, that portions of it may be traced to sources outside America. A little thought will support this statement, for we must remember that the various ethnic groups, settling in this State from the early day on, have brought with them their own folkway and folksay. It is only natural that their songs and stories should reflect the new environment. For example, it is possible to conceive of a version of "Jack and the Beanstalk" localized in Egypt, introducing the Giant as an outlaw of the river and the Beanstalk as Kentucky wonders. Even in such disguise, the story still would be essentially an Old World tale.

Second, local conditions and events give rise to certain songs, sayings, stories, and the like which are grounded in the Egyptian environment. The nicknames "Egypt" and "Egyptian" long domesticated in this section, are examples of such spontaneous folksay. "*Mach's gut da!*" is perhaps folk etymology for Mascoutah. However that may be, this handy slogan is bound to become a fixture in that town's vocabulary of phrases.

What luck a collector of folklore may have when spying around this section of Illinois for traditional material, may be illustrated by samples of various types of lore obtained from informants over an area bounded by Pinckneyville, Shawneetown, Cairo, and Belleville. The first example selected from the writer's briefcase was furnished by Miss Tina Goodwin of Carbondale.

The Witch-Doctor

An old lady, Grandma Anderson, told a story about a woman who was very sick. Someone in the invalid's family went to a woman in the neighborhood who was a witch-doctor, to see if she couldn't give them a remedy for the sick woman. So she gave them an object that looked like a curry-comb and told them to put the comb, teeth *down*, on the woman's chest. The object pressed fearfully on her skin, but she endured it for several nights. Finally, she woke one night in such pain that she decided to turn the comb over so the flat side would be next her chest and the teeth side *up*. This made her easier. Later, they found out that the witch-doctor was sick and that her chest was inflamed and bleeding.

This story is right in line with the European tales of witches, who, while transformed into animal shape (hare, cat, pig, and so on) suffer some hurt when returned to human form. Wounds or broken limbs reveal their witch pedigree.

Only a silver bullet will kill a witch in Egypt. So runs the superstition in many foreign countries. In fact, silver has a potent effect in keeping witches away, as indicated in the following story, related by Mrs. Edith Brooks, of Tunnel Hill:

The Overflowing Churn

I had a neighbor, who, my Grandmother thought, was a witch. Every time this neighbor inquired how much milk Grandma's cows gave, the milk would foam up over the top of the churn. So she always put a half dollar in the churn and that would knock the witches out of it. Similarly, it is reported that Egyptian housewives at the apple-butter making season put one or even two silver dollars in their copper kettles, or whatever it is in which this delectable "spread" is made. Whether the silver pieces have a practical value in preventing the butter from sticking, or whether the silver is believed to act as a magical agent, there appears to be no satisfactory answer to this query.

A random selection from the material at hand on folk remedies offers many old-time cures for all sorts of diseases. Many Egyptians, though loath to confess it, still hide a dishrag to cure a wart, carry buckeyes or potatoes in their pockets for rheumatism, fill a bag with "sow-bellies" and hang it around a child's neck to keep all diseases away, or hang a mole's foot on a black string around baby's neck to make teething easy. One cure, more curious than the rest, has actually been tried out, with what results, it is not recorded. Miss Mabel McDonald, of Shawneetown, sends it:

Remedy for Chicken-Pox

If your children have been exposed to the chicken-pox, take your hens and chickens to the hen-house and drive them inside. Then put your children just inside the door. When chickens and children are well inside, go in yourself and get behind the chickens. Then "shoo" the chickens so that they will fly up over the heads of the children and out the door. They will take the chicken-pox with them.

Here we have a modern example of the "scapegoat" which reminds us of the Bible story of the Priest who, on the Day of Atonement, foisted the sins of the people on a goat and had it banished into the wilderness. [Lev. XVI.] The remedy given for the chicken-pox is based on the same idea.

Nit-wit stories are common in most countries the world over. It is of interest to find in Egypt a sample of these "Stupid Hans" tales. The one given below was brought to Chester, in 1840, by Scotch-Irish immigrants from County Down, Ireland. Miss Lulu Kelly, of Carbondale, called it:

Simple Jack

Jack was left at home to mind the house while the rest of the family went to church. He was to tend the fire and the pot in which a sheep's head was boiling. All went well for a time, but after a while, the pot began to bubble and to boil over. Jack didn't know what to do. Finally, he ran to the church, got his mother's attention and motioned her to come out. All she did was to shake her head. Jack kept on beckoning, but his mother paid no attention. At last, Jack called out, "None of your winkin' and blinkin'. The sheep's head is butting all the dumplings out of the pot!"

An entertaining group of stories illustrates the "tall tale" type. Each one of these presents motives that are ubiquitous in lying tales. These "whoppers" thrive in Egypt as well as in other sections of the United States. Below are three samples of the genre:

The Big Radish

A man had an immense radish. On the Ohio River, another man was hammering on a mammoth iron kettle. The sound of his hammering could not be heard on the other side of the kettle, such was its size. When asked what the kettle was for, he replied, "To cook the big radish in!"

The Skillful Hunters

Two men went out shooting. One boasted, "I shot fifteen wild geese with one shot!" The other said, "That's nothing, I shot twenty crows that fell to the ground. That same bullet split a limb and skewered onto it seventeen more. That made thirty-seven crows shot with the same bullet!"

The Farmer's Pond

In Southern Illinois, a flock of geese were going south. They flew and flew. Finally, they got tired and lit on a farmer's pond. Then they decided to take a swim. While they were swimming, it grew very cold and they couldn't swim any more. So they flapped their wings and flew away with the farmer's pond. The first two stories were furnished by Mrs. Ella McDaniel, of New Burnside, and the third by Miss Lulu Gillespie, of Marissa.

* * *

This brief survey of Southern Illinois story and superstition must be brought to a close with one vivid example of folklore-in-the-making. This concerns a sometime vendor of hot-dogs on the Cairo levee, who trundled along his wares singing:

I'm the hot tamale man,
Better catch him while you can. [varied].

My informant is Lieutenant Aubrey Land, formerly of Carbondale. Lieutenant Land was a patrol on the Cairo levee during the flood of 1937. The melody of the street-

cry is here transcribed by the writer from his singing. That the old Negro was something of an institution may be appreciated from the fact that he is mentioned in the *Illinois Guide*, page 171.

In a hundred years, yes, in even less, citizens of Cairo will envision this old Negro peddler with his cart on the levee and will fancy they hear his plantive cry.

To A Tree

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

Once I stood in solitude
Starlit and lonely and afraid
Quietly there, lost deep in care,
Seeking solace in your shade.
Tall you stood; your new life's blood
Welled up from high hill hidden spring.

Proud you lifted leaves to drifted
Moon pierced clouds—a hill born king!
Now there's left a lone bereft
Saw scarred stump where once you stood—
Ugly, jagged, bleeding, ragged
Stump in leafless solitude.

Profile of a President

By WILL GRIFFITH

A candid appraisal of the man who has come to Egypt to lead her university to its destiny. An intimate story of him, his family, and their lives.

DAVID the Psalmist, in the one hundred twenty-first psalm sings: I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

From the neighborhood of Ozark, in the hills of Egypt, a farm born boy has come to head Egypt's university and to lead it to its rightful destiny.

Chester Frederic Lay, the new president of Southern Illinois Normal University, was born, February 8, 1895, in a double log cabin on a farm near the village of Ozark. Of pioneer stock, this lover of Egypt has returned to his homeland to face an almost herculean task.

Those who have met him have found him a plain, sincere, homespun Egyptian. Widely traveled, experienced in the ways of the college world, he remains just a home boy determined to do the task assigned.

He pursued the course of boyhood in the hills of Southern Illinois. He trudged barefoot through the sand and clay of Egypt, learning its beauties and lore at first hand. In time, he became a student in the Pope County rural schools and followed through in the Golconda public schools. A typical country boy, he likes to relate reminiscences of his youth, which, told with the natural flair of a raconteur, furnish many an interesting and humorous sidelight on the life and times of a country boy in Egypt.

At Illinois State Normal University at Normal, Illinois, Chester Lay took his first collegiate degree. Interspersed with his own study years, he, at various times, taught a standard country school at Plainfield, Will County; was principal of the Moweaqua High School, Shelby County; teacher and head of the mathematics department, Bloomington, McLean County; superintendent of schools, Wyoming, Stark County. He received his Bachelor of Education degree in 1917, from Illinois State Normal University, Normal, Illinois.

A son of the soil, Lay enjoys the fruits of the soil. He has an intense interest in trees and flowers, such as yellow roses of the old fashioned variety which grow in Egypt. True to his heritage he feels that a flower has two places where it rightfully belongs, right where it grows and in a vase—not on the lapel of a man's coat. It takes almost roping and tying to get a boutonniere on him for a few minutes.

Chester Lay stems back through pioneer stock to the British Isles. Anglo-Saxon is interlarded with a Norman heritage, from which his name derives, and is flavored with a dash of Scotch-Irish. Undoubtedly it is the Scotch-Irish strain that gives him his great sense of humor and his ready wit. Immediate family names in addition to Lay are Chester, Burns, and Holland.

After graduation from "Old" Normal, Chester Lay married his college sweetheart, Harriet Lewis, who was born at Peotone, Will County, Illinois, the daughter of John B. and Elizabeth Norbury Lewis. Her father was the owner and operator of extensive farm properties around Chicago. Chester Lay and Harriet Lewis met at Illinois State Normal University where they were classmates. Both the Lays are modest and it is necessary to obtain from one the facts concerning the other. Actually, both were campus leaders. Harriet Lay was the student president of the college Young Women's Christian Association, the first Y.W.C.A. in any American college or university.

Doctor and Mrs. Chester F. Lay, in garden of their former home, Austin, Texas.

Mrs. Lay received her Bachelor of Education degree at I.S.N.U. She has never ceased her quest for learning. Coincidental with her husband's duties on various faculties, Mrs. Lay has studied at the Universities of Chicago, Arizona, and Texas.

In her activities outside the classroom, Mrs. Lay has been especially active in her work with women. At Normal, Illinois, she served as executive secretary of the Y.W.C.A., a post equivalent to a faculty position. She became the acting head of the Department of Household Art. at I.S.N.U., during the time her husband was in the Naval Officer's School, from which he was released on Armistice Day, 1918. While Chester Lay was getting his Doctor of Philosophy degree at Chicago, Mrs. Lay served on the staff of the university library, resigning that post to enter the regional office of the Congregational Church, devoted to missionary work. She served there as editor and head of the children's work for the region which embraced eighteen states, including Illinois.

At the time Doctor Lay was serving on the faculty of the University of Chicago, his wife was a member of the Board of the University Y.W.C.A. Later she served on the national field committee of the College and University Y.W.C.A.

At the University of Texas, Harriet Lay was active in the American Association of University Women, holding several offices. She was interested especially in the field of international relations, served as director of such work, and also served as general educational director.

An excellent cook, keeping abreast of the times, using all modern methods, Mrs. Lay continues her culinary ability displayed as a young lady when she won first prize for the best angel food cake at the Will County Fair several years in succession.

The new president has had a companion as well as a wife. Whether it was to be a tramping trip, a tour of exploration, a day spent fishing, a journey to some distant place, Mrs. Lay has been a willing and understanding companion.

One might best describe Mrs. Lay as the mother of many more children than her own. The Lay home always has been a favorite gathering place for the young college people.

This gracious lady is a collector. A collector by nature. She is a lover of textiles, collecting samples of quilt patterns; woven bed coverlets; in fact all textile designs and materials from our pioneer women down to the present; iron stands on which our mothers and grandmothers placed their hot irons; and pitchers, in size from cream pitchers on down.

Mrs. Lay is a follower of the legitimate stage and like her husband is a lover of poetry and a music enthusiast. Their joint interest centers about Spanish, Mexican, folk, and classical music, with a considerable "yen" on the part of the Egyptian boy for "mountain music." The Lay family loves to sing at home or on family outings. Although he does not play himself, the favorite musical instruments of Doctor Lay are the guitar, harp, and cello. He feels the human voice is the most wonderful musical instrument known to man.

Today, Mrs. Lay is a charming, soft spoken, unaffected, gracious woman, a fit mate for a university president.

Lewis Chester Lay, the first born of the three children of President and Mrs. Lay, greeted the world from Chicago. Today, twenty-four years of age, he is an aerographer's mate at the Naval Air Base, Chula Vista, California. He married Dorothy Tate of Dallas, Texas.

Left to right — Lewis Chester Lay, Lois Jo Lay, Coy Lafayette Lay.

The second son, Coy Lafayette, aged twenty-one, was born in Holden Hospital, Carbondale, five days after the return of the Lays from Constantinople. He is named for his uncle Coy Lay and his great grandfather, Nathaniel Lafayette Chester. The race to America on the steamship Olympic and the dash to Carbondale for his arrival caused Mrs. Lay to express, humorously, the thought that he was named Lafayette from the immortal words reputed to General Pershing: "Lafayette, we are here." Chester Lay has no monopoly on humor in the family! Coy Lafayette is a member of the Medical Corps, United States Navy, assigned to the University of Texas School of Medicine at Galveston, from which he soon will be transferred for his interneship. He married Madeline Randolph of Houston, Texas.

The third child, Lois, is twenty years old and is with her parents in Carbondale. She was born at Corvallis, Oregon. Lois has attended Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois, where she was a member of the honor dramatics society; and the University of Texas, Austin, Texas, where she was in Orchesis, the honor group for modern dance. At both she has been active in singing groups, and is interested in other phases of the fine arts. An outdoor girl, her chief sport is horseback riding.

The Lay family is a religious family. Doctor and Mrs. Lay have been affiliated with the University Community Church (Congregational), Austin, Texas, for the twenty years of their residence in Texas. Doctor Lay has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the church.

Chester Lay belongs to no lodge, but to associations galore. He has worked actively as a member of: National Educational Association; Society for the Advancement of Education; American Association of University Professors; Academy of Management; Texas Personnel Conference; Southwestern Social Science Association; International Industrial Relations Institute; Society for Advancement of Management; American Economic Association; American Accounting Association.

In a busy life, Doctor Lay has found some time for relaxation. He enjoys reading Old English poetry and the works of James Whitcomb Riley. He has been a subscriber to *The Country Gentleman* for many years and is interested intensely in agricultural development.

The new president is the son of Joseph Lay and Rilda Chester Lay, formerly of Golconda and Carbondale, who now live at Creal Springs, Illinois. He has five brothers: Harry, Metropolis, Illinois; J. Coy, Rosiclare, Illinois; Ewell, Jacksonville, Florida; Joel, St. Louis, Missouri; and Walter (U. S. Army), Thomasville, Georgia. Mrs. J. H. Burns, Christopher, Illinois, and Mrs. Sue Ellen Mathis, Austin, Texas, are his sisters.

The young Egyptian educator took his Master of Arts degree at the University of Chicago, in 1923. The same university conferred upon him his Doctor of Philosophy degree, in 1931, from the Graduate School of Commerce and Administration, in his special field of Administrative Organization and Management, with minors in Economics and Accounting. In addition to his collegiate degrees, Lay is a Certified Public Accountant by virtue of examination by the American Institute of Accountants.

Of particular interest to Egyptians is the thesis Lay prepared for his Bachelor's degree. It dealt with the possibilities of economic development in the seven unglaciated counties of Southern Illinois and actually was written in the library of Southern Illinois Normal University at Carbondale.

As the years marched on, Chester Lay held teaching positions at Robert College, Constantinople, Turkey; University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona; Oregon State College, Corvallis, Oregon; and the University of Texas, Austin, Texas. Summer courses were taught at the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington; and the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado. On invitation from the University of Chicago, Lay served there, on leave of absence from the University of Texas, for two years, 1929-1931, teaching the courses and directing the research usually assigned to the head of the management field in both the College and Graduate Schools of Business. He served on the University Senate and as chairman directing research and theses for Doctor of Philosophy candidates, in his field.

The first course in America in business and administration for professional executives of social agencies was developed by him for the Graduate School of Social Work at the University of Chicago.

Chester Lay is a fighter. He is a never-say-dier. He waged a year and a half fight to keep the engineers of the Lower Colorado Authority project from cutting the four foot thick cypress trees and the pecan groves in the Pedernales River bottoms of his Texas ranch. He won the fight. A son of the soil, reared in the forest country of Egypt, he knows trees and is greatly interested in the growth and usage of these natural assets.

Like most men who have made the acquaintance of nature, he loves animals, especially horses, and hopes, some day, to make a horse ranch of the Lay place in the Southwest. What riding he does is done of necessity as he does not ride for pleasure or sport.

A good shot, like his father, the new president is an enthusiastic hunter. He likes to get his limit of deer each year, getting his two the first day of his hunting trip the past season. He also greatly enjoys hunting wild turkey. With a normal interest in all athletics, he is not an enthusiast of any one game. When principal of the Moweaqua High School, he coached the football team.

The returning son of Egypt does not go in for specific hobbies to any great extent. He does like to collect old implements, guns, and rocks. A fine collection of rocks was left in the yard of the Lay home in Austin, which collection he hopes to move to Carbondale. He always is picking up a piece of an old reaper or some such relic. Among his treasured pieces is the wheel on which ran the rope of the old well-sweep at his birthplace near Ozark.

If you dig deep enough you can find Chester Lay's real hobby. It is people. People and places. He greatly likes the interchange of ideas and the study of his fellow men.

The main interest of the new leader of Southern long has been efficient business management. The main theme of the courses established by him has been success through co-operation, through pulling together. He is an ardent believer in the Golden Rule in business.

At the beginning of the war, the United States Army held at Duncan Field-Kelly Field, classes for the training of civilian employees of the War Department who would manage the air forces depots. This was the first training course for such managers. It dealt with the operation of these huge supply depots, the keeping of the necessary records, the personnel problems, and all other executive chores. Chester F. Lay was the one civilian member of the training staff.

During the past year he has been a member of the National Panel as one of eight representing the public to arbitrate minimum wage rates for the lumber and wood products industry at New York. Serving with him were professors from the universities of Michigan, Virginia, and California, Duke University, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

President Lay has made a thorough study of the income tax laws, and is a member of the tax bar of the United States Treasury Department. Twelve years ago,

A Statement by Doctor Lay.

The numerous expressions of welcome from the campus of Southern, from Carbondale, and from all of Egypt, are warmly appreciated by Mrs. Lay and my family, all of whom through numerous visits with my people, have already come to understand and agree with my frequently expressed enthusiasm for Illinois and particularly for Egyptian beauties of nature and for the uniquely vigorous and individualistic citizens for which our end of the state has long been justly known. I am deeply conscious of the confidence which our people generally and their official representatives have placed in me by honoring me with the presidency of Southern. But I am also keenly aware of the far more important opportunity for Southern to become a continually increasing service center to help bring us all the more "abundant life" which the greatest of all teachers promised us two thousand years ago. I earnestly invite suggestions and counsel from every co-worker on the S.I.N.U. campus, from my new neighbors in Carbondale, former students and graduates wherever they may now be, and particularly from parents, taxpayers, and citizens generally of all Southern Illinois. Southern belongs to all of you, and I undertake my leadership for the trying years of development ahead, with an humble but determined intention to guide its destiny as a *trustee* for their best interests alone.

CHESTER F. LAY

Carbondale, Illinois

Lay made a study of "big business" chief executives of Chicago.

Foreign languages always have fascinated Lay and he has shown a great aptitude for them. Several years ago as a member of the International Industrial Relations Institute, meeting at Mexico City, he delivered an address to the "Americas Conference," in Spanish. The derivation of words, their original usage, and the

Doctor Chester F. Lay.

changes with the years, as well as the influences of different racial stocks on a language, always have been of great interest to him. In Chicago, he taught a class of Chinese at the Hyde Park Baptist Sunday School. In Austin, he was faculty adviser to the foreign students. The oldest son, Lewis Chester, called Chester by his parents, displays a similar aptitude for languages. He has been known to tease his mother at church by singing the hymns in Latin or some other language.

It would be natural that such a family as the Lay family would be a sentimental one. Not the kind of sentiment that is put on like an opera cloak for show purposes, but the kind of genuine sentiment and affection that such homely, God-fearing, honest Americans have, but seldom display in public.

When Mrs. Lay was asked what was her husband's favorite dish, she replied that as a farm boy he learned to eat and like all foods and professed to have no favorites, but really, he did like good old fashioned sorghum molasses.

Doctor Lay has been on the Editorial Committee of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company's college accounting series, and recently has been consultant and manuscript critic for the Macmillan Company.

President Lay gives much credit for his zeal for learning and his earnestness for accuracy to his school teacher in Golconda, Mrs. Melissa Hodge, who for many years has been a resident of Carbondale.

Chester F. Lay never would be selected as a model for a collar advertisement. His face is one of character rather than of beauty. He stands five feet, nine inches and weighs 155 pounds. Strong fingers, long but thick, show the force and drive of the man. If you chance to pass this fairly tall man, with a somewhat wrinkled face, wind and sun leathered, with black wavy hair, wearing an old fashioned watch chain spanning his chest, you will note dangling from that chain the honorary keys of Beta Gamma Sigma (Business Administration and Economics), Sigma Iota Epsilon (Business Management and Engineering), Sigma Delta Pi (Spanish Fraternity). Also he takes special pride in his membership in Beta Alpha Psi (Honorary Professional Accounting Fraternity) and Alpha Kappa Psi, the widely known Business Administration Fraternity. His social fraternity is Tau Kappa Epsilon founded at Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington. When a smile breaks through the ridges and ravines of his face (and it comes easily) the recipient literally feels the warmth and charm of his forceful personality.

The reaction of those who work on the campus at Southern Illinois Normal University is exemplified by the expression of one: "Boy, he drives up in that car of his, is into that office as quick as scat, and stays on the job sometimes until midnight." A bundle of energy, carrying no surplus weight, President Lay has succeeded in a few days, by his own example, in stepping up the speed of the entire organization.

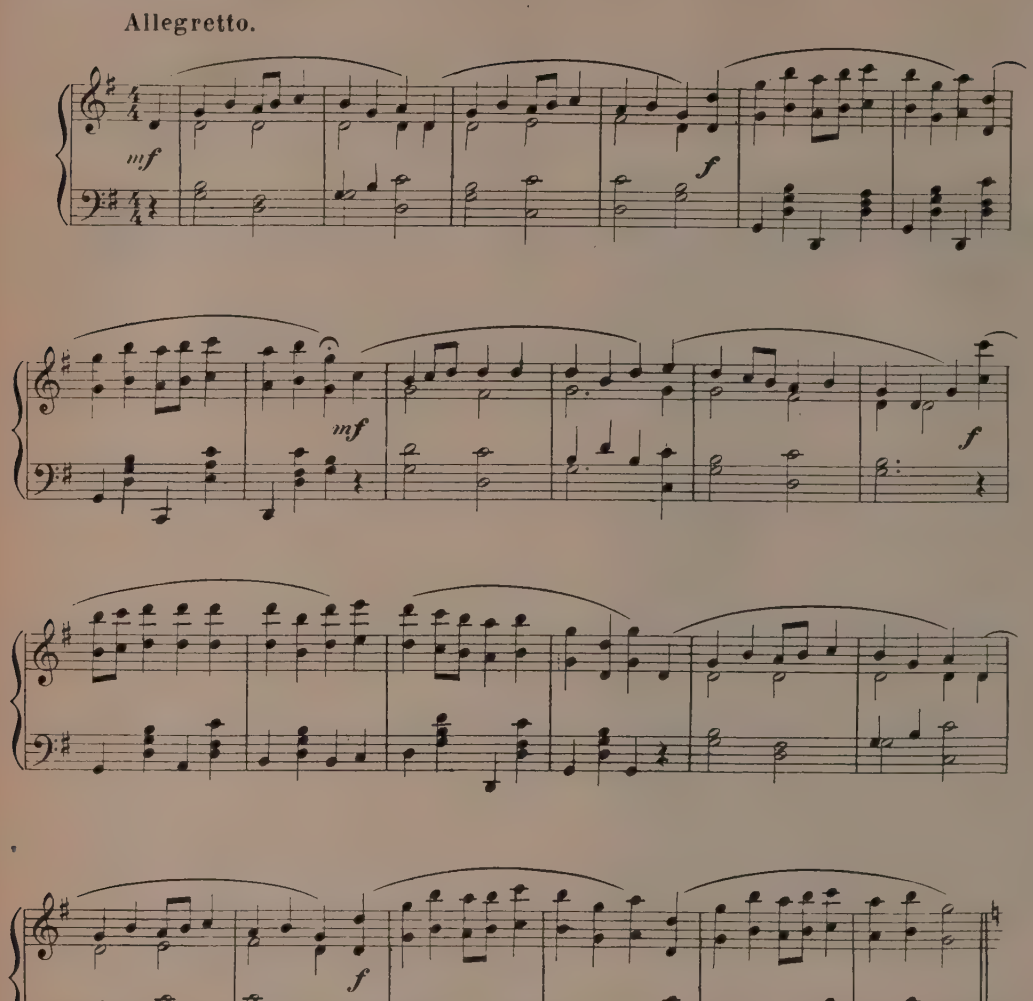
Quick of movement, a straight looker and a straight shooter, Chester Lay has come home to Egypt to serve as the seventh president of Southern Illinois Normal University. At this critical stage in its life, at a time when the school is starting to widen its sphere of service, President Lay deserves the earnest support and co-operation of all Egyptians.

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him."

A. Lincoln.

"La Gui-Année"

By Anne André Clark



Copyright 1940 by Anne André Clark

LA G

Translation

Good master and mi
And lodgers all, g
For the last day of t
The Gui-Année is
If it is nothing you
We only ask a chine
A chine of pork is
'Tis only four fee
With it we will m
That ten and eigh
If nothing you will
We only ask the elde
With jolly good c
And we will warm
With jolly good c
And we will warm
When we were in the
We listened to the c
And the nightingal
As herald of love h
To my lady-love h
That her heart ma
That ever her heart be
But all young girls wh
'Tis love's effect th
And will not allow
'Tis love's effect th
And will not allow

And now for your k
We thank the hous
For the last day of t
When the "Gui-Ann

A Breath from the Past

By TOM CONNER

More than two centuries ago French settlers came to the Mississippi valley, bringing with them the customs of their native land. Yearly they revive one of the colorful celebrations of Old France.

SINCE the first log houses were erected on the site of the settlement, called by its founders, *La Belle Prairie du Rocher*, about two hundred and twenty years ago, the ancient custom of *La Guignolée* has come every New Year's eve to thrill the souls and gladden the hearts of the people of this community. On the closing of each

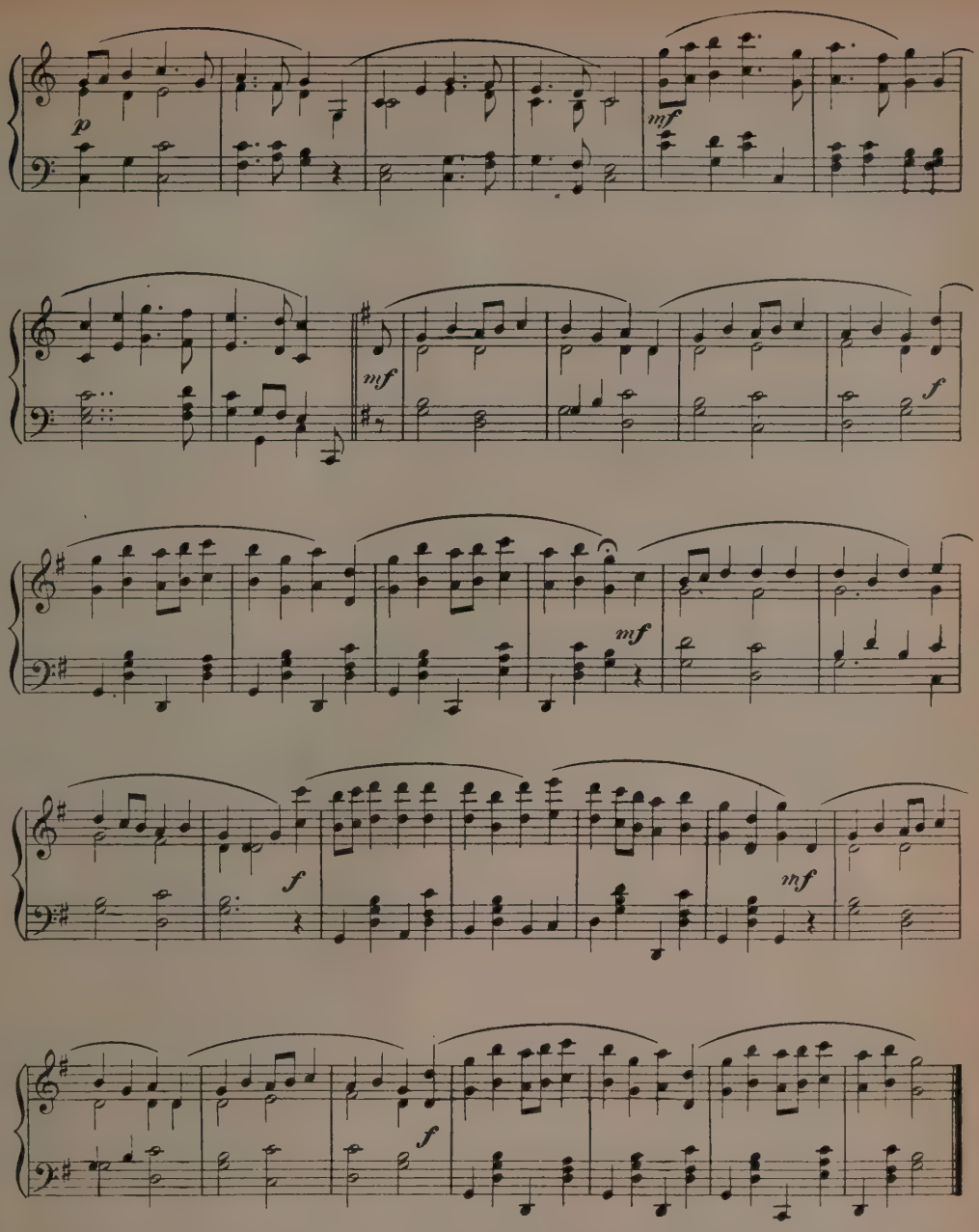
NNEE

André Clark

the house,
t to you,
year,
e.
then let us know,
you should bestow;
prize,
size,
icassee,
length shall be.
nore please let us hear,
ter to appear;
will her greet,
illy feet,
will her greet,
lly feet.
woods in shaded grove,
ng and the turtle dove,
her bower green,
been.
and say,
e joyous gay.
ith joy, with sorrow not,
verless, what is their lot?
s them wake,
rest to take.
s them wake,
rest to take.

s

, with delight,
nd wish "Good Night,"
ng year,
to us dear.



year it has taken generation after generation back to the days when the fleur-de-lis of Bourbon France waved over the fertile Mississippi valley, and its memory has touched with nostalgia those folks away from here who once called this old French town their home.

The custom of *La Guignolée* was brought here by those French pioneers who, in 1719, came with M. Pierre Du Gué de Boisbriant, Knight of the military order of St. Louis, first royal lieutenant of the province, to build Fort de Chartres and to establish there the seat of civil and military government for the vast region between Canada and Louisiana which was claimed by the Crown of France and called the Illinois Country.

On the eve of New Year the members of *La Guignolée* go to a secret place where some dress as did the French of early days while others attire themselves in all sorts of fantastic and grotesque costumes. Then, all masked except the leaders and the musicians, they go forth as silently as possible to call at the homes of their friends. At the door, the leaders, accompanied by violins, sing the first verse of the song, which is repeated by the other members. It runs:

Bon soir le maître et la maîtresse,
Et tout le monde du logis;
Pour le dernier jour de l'année,
La Guignolée vous nous devais.

Or, in English, it would add up to:

Good master and mistress of the house,
And lodgers all, good night to you,
For the last day of the ending year,
The *Guignolée* is to us due.

If the house is opened to them, they go in dancing or

La Guignolee Singers, Prairie du Rocher. Left to right—Noah Duclos, Henry Melliere, Charles Thomeire, John Robert, Vetal Godair, Jerome Melliere, Everett Robert, Eli Roy, Earl Doiron, Albert Duclos, Leo Duclos, Edward Duclos, Felix Paschal, Randall Elliott, August Fogilphole, Heine Berger, Frank Fogilphole.

keeping step to the music, and complete the other four verses of the song—the leaders singing each verse by themselves which the chorus and the members of the household repeat after them. Next, the oldest man among the leaders, or the best singer, sings a solo: *Nons supplions la compagnie,* which in English goes something like this:

We supplicate the company
To be willing to excuse us;
If we have committed any folly
It was for our recreation.
Another time we will take care
If we have the happiness to return.

Then everybody joins in singing the first verse again.

In old times, following the music, the company was treated to *croquignolles,* crullers, *pralines,* nuts, cider, peach *liqueur,* brandy, and cordials. In this streamlined age there is little time to fix dainties of this sort so the *Guignolée* usually gets cookies, pie, fruit, liquor, wine, or coffee. While the visitors are feasting, the young folks try to identify the masked men. By those of French ancestry, the custom is deeply revered, and all manner of hospitality is accorded the company, whose call is considered an honor. After the singers have made the rounds of all the homes on which they are to call, they are supposed to end up at a dance where a crowd is gathered to greet them. There they sing and dance in the middle of the floor, and then select their partners for a quadrille.

In olden times, the coming of *La Guignolée* opened the ball, which continued until the church bells called all to mass. The pastor of the parish, the elite, and the children attended the ball and the *bouillon* or supper that was a part of it, to show their appreciation of the time honored custom. The changed atmosphere and the quickened tempo of the modern dances do not seem to attract any more the pastor, the elite, and the children.

In the long ago, no intoxicants were allowed at the ball. At this ball, a place was selected for the ball of January 6th, which ushered in the holiday season. A large cake, in which four beans had been placed, was cut by one of the older citizens. Each young man present was given a slice. The four young men finding the beans were chosen Kings. They, in turn, each chose a young woman, presented her with a flower, and, after dancing with her, proclaimed her his Queen. The four young men then announced they would be hosts at the next ball to be given a week from that night. At this dance the bean bingo was worked again, and so were arranged the dances for the whole season. A very nice, romantic, and dignified arrangement, but not nearly so efficient as the modern: "Come on Toots, let's cut a rug!"

New Year's Day was the big day of the year with the French of the valley up to fifty or sixty years ago. On this day presents were exchanged between friends, relatives, and godparents—*la Marraine et le Parrain*—and their godchildren. Visits were exchanged and in every

home there was an abundance of good things to eat and drink. The homes of the prominent and well-to-do citizens were rendezvous for all who cared to come. For days, the huge chimneys of their kitchens told all the village of the roast venison, wild turkey, pies, cakes, and other dainties that were being prepared for the enjoyment of the citizens. The coffee pot steamed throughout New Year's Day.

In *Chansons Populaires Du Canada*, the spelling of the old song is given as *La Ignolée, Aguilaneuf, Gillanleu, Guignola, Guilance,* and *La Guillannée.* Rozier in his *History of Early Settlements in the Mississippi Valley* and Captain Gustave St. Gemme of Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, spell it *La Guignolée,* which seems to be the popular spelling both in Prairie du Rocher and Ste. Genevieve, where the old custom still prevails. Mrs. Anne André Clark, an authority on French customs in this region, spells it *La Gui-Année.* She holds that the custom originated in Brittany, where the Druids dominated the religion in very early days.

At the end of the year the Druid priests gathered the mistletoe, which they venerated, singing as they performed their sacred duty. The word *gui* means mistletoe, and *Gui-année* could be taken from *gui-de-l'année,* or "mistletoe of the New Year." Could be that the correct spelling of the word, which has been kicked around so much through the last two or three centuries, is *La Guielannée—guie* means happy; *l'année* means New Year. Hooked up they are "Happy New Year," so what?

The mellow, deep toned bells of St. Joseph's Church —cast in France long ago for this parish—have called the faithful to prayer and worship these many years. As their musical voices proclaim the last angelus of a dying year, the sons of *Le Vieux Village* joyously go to the task of consigning the old year to history, as their townsmen have done for more than two hundred years. Prairie du Rocher has many citizens in whose veins flow the blood of those sent out by Louis XV to carve out an empire for France in the wilderness that was America. The habits, ways, and customs of their forebears have left their mark on them and their town. All of these, except *La Guignolée,* have grown dimmer with each passing year. It alone goes on and on as it did in the "olden, golden glory of the days gone by."

Yes, old Prairie du Rocher is proud of the romance, the traditions, and the age-old customs that are woven into its history. Its citizens carry high the torch of their ancestors as they dream of the past and hope for the future, at the death of one year and the birth of another.

Professor Ernest Kroeger used the music of Gui-Année as his theme for *The March of the Pioneers* which he wrote for the *Pageant and Masque* presented at St. Louis some years ago.—Ed.

Winter Peace in Egypt

Three brooks in Egypt, peaceful and quiet on a winter's day.

Photos by Dr. Angelina G. Hamilton, Anna

Coach Fare

By EMMA BOYD SCHULTZ

An entirely different story from those that heretofore have appeared in the KEY. A slice of life from the present day.

RED was going home—ten days' leave—his first since he'd been in the Army. His hair, what was left of it when the barber finished, was the color of a smouldering Boy Scout fire on a summer evening. He had a wide, schoolboy grin, and his blue eyes danced with mischievous, jitterbugging elves.

Red was about eighteen. He swaggered down the aisle of the coach, carrying his luggage, with the air of a small town Mickey Rooney, although, with due respect to Red, he was a type all his own. He settled comfortably in a seat, while his buddies, about a dozen of them, scattered from one end of the car to the other. But Red didn't stay settled long.

This was the Illinois Central out of Chicago. Night train, southern route. Kankakee, Rantoul, Mattoon, Effingham, Centralia, Carbondale, Anna, Cairo, and points south. Red stood up in the aisle, fumbled for his cigarettes, and surveyed his fellow travelers.

"Look, guys," he said, banging his fist on the back of his seat, with little used authority. "Nobody's gonna' sleep in this coach tonight. Been takin' orders from sergeants for eleven months. Walked the chalk line like a good soldier — tonight's my night to howl. Gosh, why shouldn't I? Ten days of Mom's cookin'— jeepers — good ol' Mom, and her cookin'." Red's next move proved he didn't want to be labeled a sentimentalist. He took out his pocket comb, pretended to comb his nonexistent straying locks, then, using the comb for a baton, he swung into *Pistol Packin' Mama*, in a high, adolescent key. The other boys joined in, bass and tenor, voices with tone, tune, and depth, but Red topped them all, with his high pitched, unclassified range.

Mike, a weary looking youngster across the aisle, was determined that nobody, not even Red, was going to disturb his sleep. He threw his G.I. overcoat around him, propped his feet on the opposite seat, and lay his head back, dreamily. With that, the boys lapsed into *Rock-a-Bye, Baby*. Red was using the soft pedal signal with his comb, "Softer, boys, softer," he whispered. "You might wake the baby." Mike, apparently, was soon asleep.

The car was reasonably quiet. Red got up, tiptoed down the aisle to the water fountain, and tiptoed back, carrying a paper cup of water. Considerate boy, that Red; people wanted to sleep.

The water landed squarely in Mike's face. He came up slugging, and dripping. "G'wan, Red," he bellowed, shaking the water out of his eyes. "What the hell's got into you? Pipe down — take it easy."

The conductor came through, and gave Red a polite speech. "We want you to have fun, boy, but try not to be too boisterous — lots of the passengers would like to sleep — you're not being fair to them."

Red was penitent, and blurted out a "Yes, sir, I know, sir," and sat meekly down.

A lieutenant, hobbling on a cane, had entered the car ahead of the boys at the Chicago station. He sat directly in front of Red, reading the evening paper, seemingly oblivious to the goings on around him. His cane was securely tucked in between the seat and the side of the coach.

Red tapped the lieutenant on the shoulder.

"Were we annoying you, sir?" he asked, with an apologetic ring in his voice.

The lieutenant looked back, and smiled — a warm, friendly, tolerant smile.

"Of course not, fella', have a good time while you can. No picnic, this army life."

"No picnic? But shucks, sir, you're a lieutenant, oughta' be a picnic to give orders to dopes like us!"

"That's right, fella', dopes like you." He gave out with another of his understanding smiles, turned around and continued with his paper.

It was the porter's turn to make the rounds. Red bounced out in the aisle and caught him by the sleeve.

Red to the porter: "Looka' here, boss, how's about a shine?"

Porter, to Red. "O.K., soldier. Be right back soon's I gets my kit."

Red, to the porter: "Youse got me wrong, boss. I'se gwine give you a shine — two bits, boss, oney two bits, bes' shine you all evah had."

The porter caught on. He put his size 10 up on the side of a seat. Red produced his shoe shining paraphernalia and went to work. The other passengers looked on in silence, seeming to feel, along with Red and the porter, the spirit of good fellowship that can be born with the shining of a pair of shoes.

The job was done. The grinning and somewhat embarrassed porter reached in his pocket and flipped a quarter to Red, who caught it and flipped it right back.

"Thank you, soldier, thank you. Them's the shinin'-est shoes I evah did see." He held one foot out, proudly. "If I'se to look square into dat toe, cud see myself, plain as day."

"Lissen, boss," said Red, continuing with his poorly manufactured dialect. "Don't think you all better look

ina' toe o' dat shoe. One look at yer ugly sef and you all 'ud be skeered white."

The porter shook with inaudible laughter. Porters, like privates, have duties to perform; his didn't include loitering too long in one car, so he looked at his watch, and made a hasty exit into the next coach.

The conductor came through, calling the next station. The lieutenant took his luggage off the rack and, with reluctant effort, reached for his cane.

Then Red saw the cane, the limp, and the Purple Heart. He bit his lip, realizing he had blundered in his opening speech to the lieutenant. He tried to ignore the situation, but decided to face it squarely. He opened his mouth to speak. A curious youth, in uniform, across the aisle, beat him to the draw.

"What happened to you, sir?" asked the inquisitive one.

"I've been in a hospital, near Chicago, for three months. It was . . . it was . . ."

Red took over.

"It was this way, guys. Lieutenant here was food inspector in the hospital. All them little Joes runnin' around doin' K.P. All the lieutenant had to do was shove his feet under the table three times a day and eat all them good things that was cooked up for him. Well, one day he didn't get his big gams shoved under fur enough, and a great big ham o'meat dropped right outa' his plate onto his foot, and busted his big toe right smack open. That's just the way it was, wasn't it, sir?"

"Thanks, Red, that's exactly the way it was." The lieutenant gave Red a hearty handshake, smiled, and was gone.

Red's shoulders slumped a little as he muttered to himself: "Gosh, I'm the world's prize dope, I am."

He curled up in his seat. His hilarity of the past few hours seemed to have limped off the train with the lieutenant. He lit a cigarette, put it out, then lit another one. Then, he nodded half consciously, realized he was about to fall asleep and fought it off to avoid the wisecracks of the boys whom he had kept awake.

A woman at the end of the coach was unwinding a skein of yarn for her knitting. Red volunteered to hold the thread while she unwound it. He sat for a long time, deeply engrossed in his task.

Time for the conductor, again. He saw Red, patted him on the shoulder and said: "That's better, son, much better." Then, he cleared his throat, and called out: "Carbondale—Carbondale, next stop. All out for Carbondale."

Red was up like a flash, entangling yarn, hands, and coat buttons as he jumped.

"Sorry, lady, this is where I get off. Hot biscuits, fried ham an' gravy. Homemade pie every day — boy, oh boy!"

He regained his composure, dignifiedly collected his luggage, and got ready to make his departure. The train was coming to a stop. Red, as he paused by the woman with the knitting, was biting his lip and trying hard to keep the elves jitterbugging in his mischievous eyes.

"You know," he said. "I thought I was a right tough guy. Got through all of them Army shenanigans without a whimper. But darned if I ain't gonna' bust right out bawlin' when I see my Mom."

C & H Coach Lines

Serve Springfield, Decatur, Carbondale, Cape Girardeau, Evansville and all points of Southern Illinois.

Headquarters—Carbondale, Illinois

Earl Throgmorton, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

Over a Half Century of Satisfactory Service

THE CONSOLIDATED COAL COMPANY

RAILWAY EXCHANGE BUILDING

Saint Louis, Mo.

Chicago Minneapolis - St. Paul Davenport

Buckhorn Coal *Jeffco Coal*

Southern Illinois Grade A

Call of the Hills

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

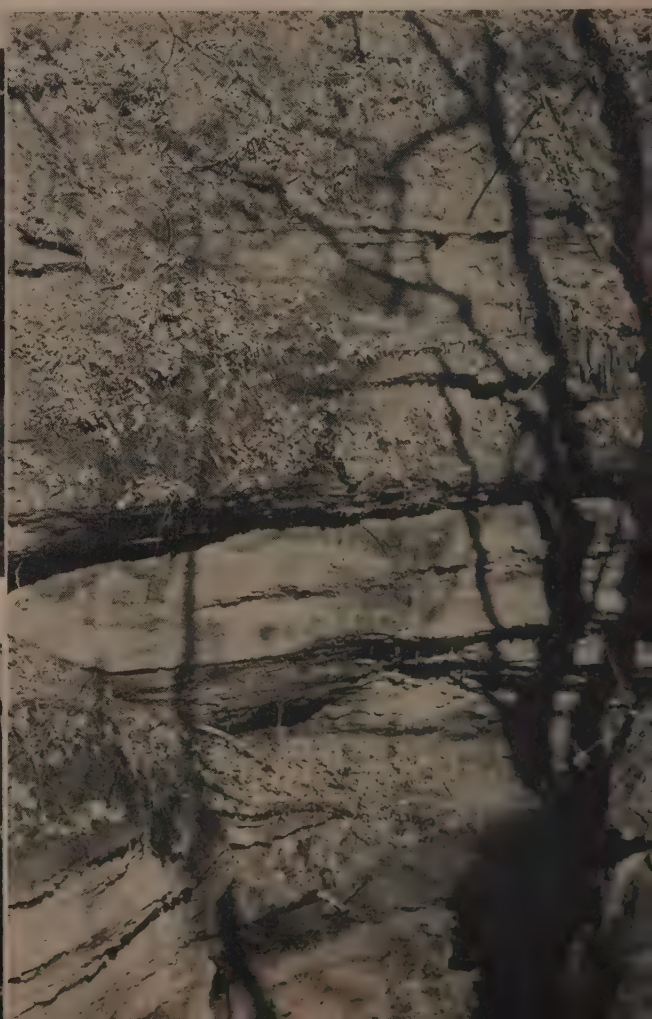
Always in the hills there are homes
Low roofed with blue smoke curling high.
Always in the hills there are homes
Silhouetted against the sky.

Always in the hills there are homes
Where laughing children run and play.
Homes where women ere keep a room
Bright lit against the end of day.

Always in the hills there are homes—
Small or large or tar-papered shack.
Always with the coming of night
These sirens sing our men folk back.

No call of war, nor cities fair,
No plains, nor prairies anywhere
Can ever hold a hillman long—
Always he heeds the siren's song.

Top left—Saddle-back Ridge near Wolf Lake, Union County. (Courtesy Illinois Natural History Survey, Urbana). Bottom left—Swinging bridge in the Pine Hills. (Photo by W. C. Bradley, Vergennes). Right—Lichens on rocks of Roaring Spring, Union County. (Photo by Ray Hodde, Springfield).



Plant Folkstitions

By EVA OXFORD GERSBACHER

Superstitions, legends, old wives' tales, old time remedies compiled to paint the picture of the life and times of the pioneer days.

MOST persons say that they are not superstitious. They really think they are not, but the truth is, almost everyone is superstitious whether or not he realizes it. In a recent conversation, one of our well known and highly educated ministers of Southern Illinois, was telling about his small granddaughter having poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, and all of the superstitions connected with that malady. One of these superstitions he related was: "They even say the child with the longest eyelashes is the one stricken out of a family, but I am not superstitious." Then he smiled and, withdrawing his hand from his pocket, revealed a buckeye.

No one welcomes a black cat crossing his path even though there are several versions of how to overcome this bad luck. As a rule far more persons will walk around a ladder than under it. Very well established is the superstition about the bad luck that goes with repaying borrowed salt. Who is there who has not bragged at sometime and then knocked on wood? Such actions have become customs and are performed without thinking whether or not they are superstitions.

Studies by educators on the subject of superstitions and their effect on the teaching of children have been published in many educational publications, i.e., *Science Education*, and *School Science and Mathematics*. In part these writers say:

"During the last thirty years the study of superstitions has captured the interest of many investigators in the field of educational research. According to the majority of these studies it has been generally accepted that uneducated persons are handicapped in their thinking and actions by numerous unsound and even foolish ideas. Some of the recent investigations show that a large number of superstitions and misconceptions are also prevalent among students attending institutions of higher learning."

"Others think that these superstitions and half truths are the heritage of every child who enters the public schools or has social contacts with the American public. The fact is that they are quite common and undoubtedly influence the activity of every day life."

"Only in recent years has there been a conscious effort made to eliminate superstitious beliefs at the source of their inculcation in childhood. There is no question that one of the most vulnerable points in making an attack on superstitious beliefs is through the pupils studying general science."

This teaching is made effective by collecting local superstitions, that seem to be native to the community in which the study is made, in order to acquaint the pupil with this wide range of false beliefs. Then it is possible for him to discriminate between real science facts and superstitions.

Charles Neely, in his book, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, states that Egyptian "superstitions are dying out, though many of them still remain; any number of farmers sow and reap by the phases of the moon and geld their stock by the signs of the zodiac." According to Neely, an Egyptian is likely to feel more at home in Kentucky and Tennessee than he is in Northern Illinois, for his folk heritage is largely derived from those states. Neely further adds, that practically all of Egyptian superstitions are from those states.

This collection of superstitions has been confined to plants only and was made to record this particular phase of our Egyptian folklore. Some of the listed superstitions, as is true with all global superstitions, are contradictory and others have several versions. All "signs" have reference to the zodiac.

Many persons asked were able to contribute only one, several from one to ten, and a few, more than ten. The greatest contribution came from John W. Allen, curator of Southern Illinois Normal University Museum. To each and every one who contributed, the author wishes to express her utmost appreciation. The author realizes that the list given is only a small portion of our Egyptian plant superstitions. In order to make a more complete record of this phase of our folklore any further contributions will be greatly appreciated.

> Today, in the study of the habits and customs of the past, and all kindred subjects, the student is hard put to find a word that will express the complete coverage of the field. Many of the students refer to the beliefs, etc., as "superstitions"; some use the term "folklore" while others talk and write of the "habits and sayings" of a people.
>
> For ease in expression, "superstitions" has been given a broader meaning than it originally carried and today frequently is used as a generic term covering, in addition to actual superstitions, old wives' tales, old fashioned beliefs and remedies, and all associated studies.
>
> The EGYPTIAN KEY coins a new word "folkstitions" and offers it as a solution to the vexing problem of what to call all "those things."—Ed.

Love

If you wear flowers, particularly roses, pinned with the stems down, you are looking for a sweetheart; if

you wear them with the stems pinned up, you already have a sweetheart. . . . If you wear mistletoe on the left side of your hair you are looking for a boy friend; if you wear it on the right side, you already have a sweetheart; . . . Anyone standing directly under mistletoe wants to be kissed . . . The first man to kiss you under the mistletoe on Christmas eve is the one you will marry . . . If flowers worn on the person wilt, that person is considered a flirt . . . If a piece of love vine (dodder) thrown over the left shoulder grows, your sweetheart loves you; if it fails to grow, she does not . . . Another version; swing dodder three times around the head, then throw it backward on a limb or bush at the same time you are thinking of someone, if he loves you, the dodder will grow . . . If you can tie dodder in a knot without breaking the vine, it is a sign your old girl likes you.

Break a mullein stalk toward the one you love, if it grows he or she loves you . . . Name three mistletoe leaves and drop them on a hot surface, the one that jumps first loves you . . . To eat dill pickles is a sign you are in love; some say, the sourer the pickle you like, the more you are in love . . . Many a fair maiden to amuse herself has taken the compound leaf of a locust tree or the seeds from an apple core and counted the leaflets or seeds with the rhyme: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." The name applying to the last leaflet or seed as the case may be, will be the occupation of the maiden's future husband . . . Calamus root often is sold for a love charm to make the possessor irresistible to the opposite sex. (An actual and recent case of this was brought into the S.I.N.U. Botany Department for identification. What proved to be a small dried piece of calamus root had been sold to a white girl for twenty dollars by a Negro woman.) . . . Go to the grove of one who loves you, pluck any plant growing in that grove, and no one will be able to cast a "spell" upon you. . . . The girl who catches the bridal bouquet will be the next to get married.

Good Luck

When the moon is new, if you see it first through tree tops you will have bad luck all of that moon, but if you see it in the open, you will have good luck . . . Some say it is better luck to see it over your right shoulder . . . Find a four leaf clover and make a wish. If you put the lucky leaf in your left shoe, the wish will come true . . . A four leaf clover placed in the left shoe will also help in getting a ride when hitchhiking.

Bad Luck

It is bad luck to find a five leaf clover; to let a houseleek bloom; to plant a weeping willow and let it grow; to count the blooms on a plant; to plant cypress vine in a graveyard; for flowers to bloom out of season, and to have snow-on-the-mountain in your yard . . . If a person plants a cedar or a pine in the cemetery, when it grows large enough to make a shadow over the grave, that person will die; another version is that when it grows large enough to shade a grave, a member of your family will die. (Many people believe this.) . . . If you plant sage, you will have a horse to die . . . Flowers or plants left at night in the room of the sick will cause that person to die . . . If a fruit tree blooms in the autumn, it is an ominous sign signifying a death in the family. (This one came from E. N. Hall, Elizabethtown, who says he has heard old people tell of numerous instances of this and of the deaths that followed. He also adds, "Later on I took notice of this peculiar phenomenon and decided that it is a sure sign of death, but the death of the tree rather than anything else; because such trees scarcely ever live to bloom again.") . . . If you swallow an orange or watermelon seed, the fruit will grow in your stomach.

Trees

A tree deadened when the sign of the zodiac is "in the heart," dies quickly . . . A hollow sweetgum makes the best beehive . . . Lightning never strikes the same tree twice. . . . Trees lean across underground streams. . . . The poplar tree rustles its leaves in sorrow because Christ's Cross was made from a poplar . . . The

The Zodiac

dogwood will never grow to any great size because Christ's Cross was made from dogwood . . . Judas hanged himself to a redbud tree, and the bright blossoms are stained with his blood . . . A cure for chills is to walk straight into a wood until you come to a dogwood, tie a string around it, face about and walk out without looking backward . . . A person will get well of chills who ties a string on the trunk of a persimmon tree and for every chill says this rhyme:

For every time you've shaken me
I will tie you to this tree.

The person who unties the tree will have the chills.

Wood

A left handed person owes the devil a hundred black gum rails . . . Boards nailed on in the light of the moon "cup up"; nailed on in the dark of the moon, they lie flat . . . Stain of a murdered person's blood cannot be removed from wood . . . When you brag, be sure to knock on wood.

Weather

When pine trees are dark green in the spring of the year, it is going to be a cool summer . . . If leaves, especially those of silver poplar, turn wrong side out when the wind blows, it is going to rain . . . It is always cool weather and always rains when the spiraea blooms . . . If a peach tree blooms early in the spring,

it is a sign of an early fall and a cold winter . . . It is cold weather when "tickle grass" blooms . . . Signs of a cold winter are heavy husks on each ear of corn, a huge nut crop, and thick shells on the nuts . . . When squirrels gather lots of nuts, it is a sign of a long winter . . . The wind either should be from the south or west to transplant sweet potato slips; if the wind is from the north, the plants will die . . . Sweet potatoes or strawberries set out when the wind is from the northwest will die . . . If it rains on Pentecost Sunday, there will be no blackberries . . . If it rains on the first day of May, there will be no pecans . . . A green Christmas means a fat graveyard . . . A green Christmas, a white Easter; a white Christmas, a green Easter.

"Winters" (a cold wave causing the temperature to drop considerably): "Blackberry winter" always occurs when blackberry bushes are in blossom; "dogwood winter" when the dogwood blooms; "locust winter" when the locusts bloom; "snowball winter" when the snowballs fall.

Pests

Green peppermint placed in your stockings will keep off chiggers when in the woods . . . Cedar shavings will drive moths away . . . Cucumber rinds or pine cones tied to rafters or placed elsewhere will drive away the ants . . . Walnut leaves will chase the fleas . . . Hang a banana stalk in a henhouse where there are mites; the mites will leave the chickens and go to the banana stalk . . . Osage oranges (hedge apples) placed in the house will drive away cockroaches. (C. Richard Taylor, Carbondale, states that he not only has seen roaches present, but eating and thriving on Osage oranges thus placed.) . . . To keep snakes away, plant American aloe in your yard . . . To keep mosquitoes away, hang pennyroyal above your bed at night . . . To keep moles away, plant castor beans in your garden. (The seed of castor beans is poisonous, but few moles ever eat them. The mere presence of the plant is ineffective.) . . . Bees will stay white, if you rub the inside of a new beehive with peach leaves before placing the bees in it.

Water

To find water underground, get a forked peach tree limb, hold in both hands palms up and walk along slowly. When you walk over the water the peach branch will turn down. People who are able to do this are called water witches. Some say the stick will also indicate the depths of the water and the direction of flow. Hazel and sassafras branches are recommended by some.

Plantings

Above all never thank donors for plants, if you want them to live. (This still is heard frequently and practiced.) . . . Another idea as antiquated as witchcraft is that plants transplanted by one possessing a "green thumb" grow much better than for ordinary persons . . . Vegetables that mature underground should be planted in the dark of the moon; if planted in the light of the moon, they will go to tops. Vice versa, plants which mature above the ground should be planted in the light of the moon. Old time farmers, however, plant corn in the dark of the moon . . . Sow lettuce on the 12th of February . . . Good Friday is the time to plant your garden, and according to some, always plant early potatoes on that day . . . Another school of thought says to plant potatoes on St. Patrick's Day; others say always in the dark of the moon and be sure the eyes are up . . . Plant late potatoes on July 10. (This happens to be the author's birthday of which she was reminded many times by an old German neighbor who always remembered because he planted potatoes that day.)

Plant sweet peas on St. Patrick's Day at least six inches deep . . . Sow turnip seed on the 25th of July, wet or dry . . . Plant cucumbers when the sign is in the twins, and you will raise two instead of one, and plant beans at the same time to increase the yield . . . Others say plant beans when the apple tree is in full bloom . . . Take cuttings from house plants in the spring and in the dark of the moon . . . To kill weeds in the garden, hoe or cut in the sign of Leo . . . Plant flower seed when the sign is in the flower girl . . . Plant potato onions in the dark of the moon in November . . . In transplanting a tree or a rose bush, put the same side north that was north when taken up. . . . Plants will not bloom unless you wish them a "Happy New Year."

Crop Yield

If a barrel is rolled over onion tops when they begin to die in summer, they will make larger heads . . . Bury a piece of iron near your grapevine, it will bear better . . . A few sand rocks buried near an evergreen make it grow and thrive . . . Drive a nail in a fruit tree and whip the tree with a switch to make it bear fruit . . . Cut cabbage slant-wise and new heads will grow . . . If a board is laid on grass in the dark of the moon the grass dies; in the light of the moon, it survives.

Old-time Remedies

Numerous old-time remedies are merely superstitions, others of the pioneer medical practices served as a crude beginning for the modern sciences. Further research may prove that the proponents of these quaint ideas, accumulated by trial and error methods, were at least on the right track. Most of the early physicians were also students of botany. They knew the plants so well, that most of them gathered their own herbs and brewed their own medicines. One idea they held was that the remedy for an ailing part of the human body should be made from a similar shaped plant. Many of the plants got their names because of this belief; for instance, red birthroot was used to stop nosebleed, lungwort for coughs . . . The three remedies best known in pioneer medical practice were teas, bitters, and poultices . . . Teas were made from numerous plants and administered for countless ailments . . . Bitters were usually made by pouring straight corn whiskey over an herb or a mixture of herbs. This was used as a panacea

23 YEARS

Dependable Service for Electric Motors

We repair and rewind all types and sizes of motors. Make the parts for your machines when we cannot buy them.

SCHREIER ELECTRIC CO.

1508 East Main St. **Tel. 172**

WEST FRANKFORT, ILLINOIS

USE THE

BRIDGE

At New Harmony, Ind.

Eastern Terminal — Illinois Route 14

ROUND TRIP 60c

Operated by the

White County Bridge Commission

ROY CLIPPINGER, Carmi, Bridge Mgr.

First National Bank

Carbondale, Ill.

Jackson County's Largest Bank in Capital and Resources

J. E. MITCHELL, *President*
WALKER SCHWARTZ, *Vice-President*
GEO. N. ALBON, Jr., *Cashier*

FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION $5,000 MAXIMUM INSURANCE FOR EACH DEPOSITOR MEMBER

L. OARD SITTER

Auctioneer

Specializing in Real Estate, Pure Bred Livestock and General Farm Sales. Registered Real Estate Broker specializing in the sale of farms in Egypt.

Phone 170-W P. O. Box 5 Anna, Ill.

Hear Sitter every Sunday, 12 noon over WEBQ

or a remedy for all diseases, especially malaria and "third-day" ague . . . Poultices from certain plants were made into a soft composition which was applied to inward pain, sores, boils, and other inflamed parts of the body.

The new book, *Canal Town*, by Samuel Hopkins Adams tells an amusing and interesting story of the struggles of an idealistic young doctor who combats ignorance, superstition, and plant lore of a frontier people.

Teas

Black snakeroot tea cures malaria . . . Catnip tea breaks out the hives on babies . . . Sarsaparilla tea is good for the blood . . . Sassafras tea thins and purifies the blood in the spring; likewise sulphur and molasses . . . Horseweed tea aids stomach trouble . . . Jerusalem oak tea or pumpkin seed tea aids stomach trouble and is good for worms . . . Pink root tea also is good for worms . . . Rattlesnake weed tea stops the swelling in a day's time when one has been bitten by a snake . . . Plantain root tea cures poison ivy and also is good for colds . . . Smartweed tea and tea made from gizzard linings are treatments for diarrhea . . . Sage tea plus a small amount of alum, used as a "swab," is good for sore throat and diphtheria . . . Sage tea supplies energy and is a cure for bed-wetting . . . A strong tea made from white oak bark applied hot cures stinking feet . . . Tea from scaly hickory nut bark made into a syrup is a sure cure for coughs . . . Watermelon seed tea promotes kidney secretions . . . Calamus root tea aids heart trouble . . . Milkweed root tea reduces swelling of the limbs . . . Slippery elm tea helps swollen muscles as well as constipation . . . For granulated eyelids make a tea from sumac bark and bathe the eyes with it.

For colds take your choice—drink teas made from horehound, boneset, catnip, flaxseed, raspberry, life everlasting, or mullein leaves . . . Hot elderberry wine, onion juice or syrup, and onion poultices also are recommended . . . "Sheep tea" made from sheep droppings was considered the best of teas. It was held thus because sheep nip all herbs hence the tea contained "ingredients" of the whole plant family. (This came from E. N. Hall, to which he added that this was the first tea he could remember drinking as a remedy. It was made by his old Dutch grandmother and it was from her he learned the word "ingredient," and he thought for a long time

Terms of the Zodiac

Capricornus—goat—knees
Aquarius—waterman—legs
Pisces—fishes—feet
Aries—ram—head and face
Taurus—bull—neck
Gemini—twins—arms
Cancer—crab—breast
Leo—lion—heart
Virgo—virgin—bowels
Libra—balance—kidneys
Scorpio—scorpion—loins
Sagittarius—archer—thighs

that it referred only to the plants that went into sheep tea.)

The "bleeding and blood letting" practice also arose from superstitions pertaining to plant "ingredients." As one pioneer explained it to E. N. Hall, "The blood sometimes becomes overloaded with plant juices that thicken it till it can't resorb 'em." Wherefore the lower arm was corded and a large vein was tapped to let out a pint or more of the darker and fouler blood, laden with stale saps.

Bitters

Always collect herbs for medicines in the full of the moon . . . A sure cure for rheumatism is bitters made by putting poke roots in whiskey. (According to a physician this is slightly medicinal. Poke root is listed in the U. S. Pharmacopeia.) To ward off rheumatism: carry a potato, a buckeye or a chestnut in your left pocket; carry a potato in a trouser pocket until the skin dries . . . Sumac berries fried in lard make a salve that cures rheumatism . . . For sore feet soak them in cooked raspberries until swelling or soreness leaves . . . To purify the blood, mix one pint of ground horseradish with one pint of whiskey and take one tablespoon three times a day . . . Straight whiskey is good for snake bites.

Poultices

When a nail is stuck in the foot, make a poultice of onions and bind on the wound to draw out the poison and prevent lockjaw . . . A poultice of onion or mullein leaves relieves pain . . . A roasted turnip poultice cures frost bitten heels . . . A poultice of houseleek is good for a sty on the eye . . . A mixture of soft soap, honey, and flour, draws a boil to a head . . . A poultice of slippery elm is good for boils . . . A camomile poultice draws out infection.

Warts

Rub a wart with a potato, throw the potato away, when it decays the wart goes away . . . A grain of corn moistened in blood from a wart and fed to a rooster causes the wart to vanish . . . The piercing of a wart with a thorn from a thorn tree causes the wart to disappear . . . A fresh green bean leaf rubbed on a wart kills it.

Tobacco

Tobacco juice kills snake bite poison and the poison of bee stings . . . Moistened tobacco leaves laid on a wound stop bleeding, keep a cut from getting sore, and prevent blood poison . . . Tobacco smoke puffed into the ear relieves earache . . . Throwing tobacco on the water brings fish to the surface to spit, then the fishermen can catch them . . . "Ambeer," saliva containing tobacco juice, on the bait is also effective, "for luck," or as a tantalizer to the fish.

Children

If a mother wants to eat some food that might react unfavorably on her nursing baby, she should give the baby a tiny taste of the food before she eats her portion . . . Put a string of the seeds of Job's-tears around a baby's neck to help it cut teeth . . . Tie a piece of asafoetida around a child's neck to prevent all contagious diseases. (Pioneer mothers believed this to be as neces-

Point - Wise Housewives Get These EXTRAS with

from every pound of shortening.

● Get extra bake goods from every pound of rationed shortening. Tests by home economists show that with Omega Flour you can use 1/3 less shortening in every recipe. The makers of Omega guarantee that results will be excellent. Save on ration points. Try 100% soft wheat Omega Flour!

Omega Flour The South's Finest

3½ Miles East of Carbondale and 1000 Feet South of Route 13

Crab Orchard Court

18 *Modern Steam Heated Apartments*

Boating Fishing
Swimming
Fine Bass Fishing Duck Hunting

PHONE 22F4

sary for school children as their few books, slates, and slate pencils, especially during epidemics.)

Other Remedies

Eat some poison ivy and you never will be subject to poison . . . Rub a nettle sting with curly dock to stop the pain . . . Powdered yellow peccoon root cures sore mouth . . . Chew ragweed for diarrhea . . . Chew a piece of horsetail for cramps in the stomach . . . Smoke dry mullein leaves to relieve hay fever . . .Eat carrots to make your hair curly . . . Dope a racehorse with ginger to make him run faster.

No remedy is necessary, however, if you eat:

An apple a day to keep the doctor away
An onion a day to keep everybody away.

Yellow Clay

By FERNE QUIGLEY BECHER

Yellow clay . . .
I scooped up a handful and flung it away.
"I'm in the market for land it's true
But this stuff here, it just won't do.
Why this is nothing but ragged hill,
With a run-down house and an old windmill.
I want rich soil where things will grow."
Said the man, "Come on, I guess we'll go."
But he turned around with a slow sad smile
And he said, "I think this land worth while."

Long hence, I chanced to pass that way,
Where the earth is steeped in yellow clay,
And the sight that met my wond'ring eyes
Filled me with stinging, hurt surprise,
For the hills were banked with trees in bloom
That drenched the air with their sweet perfume,
The cottage showed fresh paint and care
And the roses rambled everywhere.
Then the thought came back to me of the day
I said, "This is naught but yellow clay."

Yellow clay . . .
I had my chance but I threw it away.
For how was I to really know
What earth is best for the things that grow.
For here the trees stand firm in root,
And they bear the rarest, sweetest fruit.
And here was a man who knew God's land;
Nor was he afraid to try his hand.
He had taken the thing I'd thrown away
And molded a picture of yellow clay.

Left—Garden fence. Right—The Hinderer house.

Hinderer House

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

THERE'S an old saying, "All roads lead to Washington," but in the early 1820's all trails in Randolph County led to a young surveyor's little brick home in the wilderness. No, this isn't a new story about Lincoln! He wasn't the only surveyor Illinois had in the early days, though his reputation as such is well established.

The surveyor we refer to laid out Chicago, and after its great fire of 1871, was summoned to find his bench marks and help lay out the city again. His name was J. D. Thompson. The city of Chicago offered Thompson as pay for his work in 1871, title to a group of city lots. Thompson, appreciating the plight of the city, refused to accept any pay for his services. The neighbors called him "Judge" because he was a justice of the peace, and a general community arbiter. Now, nearby, there is another gathering place.

The biggest thing in the village of Walsh, is the H. A. Hinderer General Store and Post Office. For over thirty years that large farming community has looked to H. A. Hinderer to guard its welfare, deliver its goods, and post its mail. "We grow some of the best corn in the state around here," he bragged to us. "Walsh had a population of thirty-six when we came here and I expect it's about the same now, but we're the hub of a big wheel. Why we raised $1200 at our church fair. Can you beat that in your town? We sell three tons of assorted candy here at the store every Christmas!"

Wandering around the store, we discovered a collection of rocks. Displayed in a large window, it contained all sorts of odd shaped stones picked up along the neighboring creek banks.

One of the "good old families" of Marion County is the Hinderer clan. H. M. "Mac" Hinderer was president of the Salem National Bank for fifteen years. He also ran a general store at Iuka. There his four boys and two

Left—Evergreen and doorway to Hinderer house. Below—Judge Thompson house.

EGYPT'S

Leading Outfitters for Men

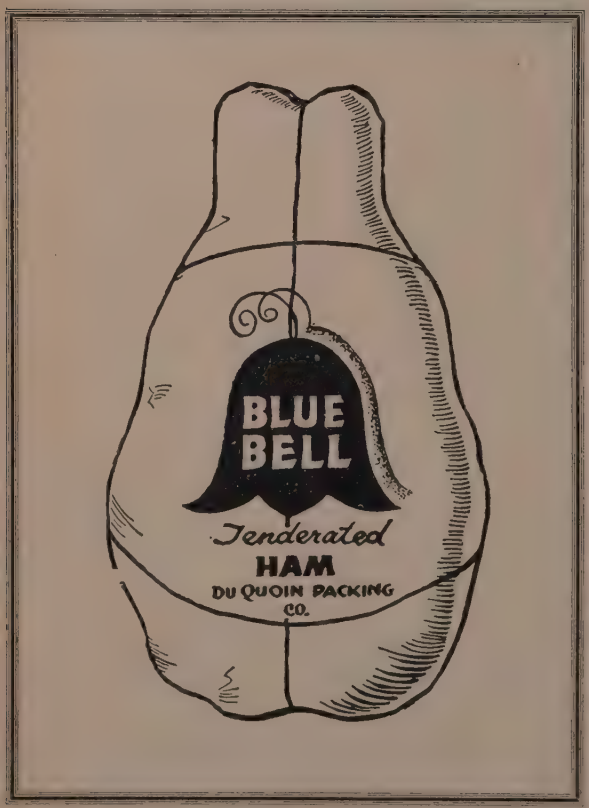
ESTABLISHED 1884

We furnish the men of Southern Illinois with good, dependable merchandise. Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Wolcrest Clothes, Arrow Shirts and Neckwear, Florsheim and Jarman Shoes, Interwoven Hose, McGregor Knitwear and other leading lines.

J. V. Walker & Sons, Inc.

HERRIN - CARBONDALE - MARION
CARTERVILLE - WEST FRANKFORT
MOUNT VERNON - BENTON
DU QUOIN

WALK ER' DRIVE TO WALKER'S



girls grew up. H. A., working in his father's store in 1913, realized that his two younger brothers soon would come home from Ewing College, where all the boys were educated. There would not be room for all in the business, so H. A. decided to strike out on his own. He bought the general store at Walsh, moved there with his wife and two small sons. Soon he had two other community stores, at Ellis Grove and Baldwin.

Hinderer calls his wife his "Georgia Peach." She was Grace Jenkins, of Thomasville, Georgia, in 1904, when she came to Xenia, Illinois, to visit Dr. and Mrs. Shirley, and to Iuka, Illinois, where other relatives lived. She says she came for the St. Louis World's Fair but caught her husband, also. "I went to college in Athens, Georgia, to study elecution, as they called it in those days--now they call it speech."

Time after time as H. A. and Grace Hinderer drove the familiar road leading into the village of Walsh, from the west, he would say, "I want a home on that knoll," and point on his left to the north. She would say, "I want a home on *that* hill," and point on her right to the south of the road. Strange, but the homemaker won that friendly little argument and today the Hinderers have a beautiful house on the south side of the highway at the west edge of Walsh. The knolls across the road on the north were sold off to others for homesites.

"In order to get the six acres we wanted." laughed Mrs. Hinderer, as she told us about it, "we had to buy the 460 acre farm. It's the old Judge Thompson farm, you know."

"Did you ever see the $8000 monument to the Judge in the Preston Cemetery?" We answered in the negative and Mrs. Hinderer went on to explain. "Well, Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, was some kind of a relative and he had the monument erected. Preston was planned to be a real city and the Judge surveyed it, too."

The previous owners of the farm did not appreciate the old place and tore down about half of the brick house. On the edge of the woods, it overlooks the surrounding country. Through the open end can be seen the heavy hand-hewn beams and joists, and the walls three bricks thick. The Hinderers plan to restore the house "just for the sentiment of the thing." Below the hill a huge spring feeds a beautiful artificial lake covering about two acres. The strong flow causes a constant current in the lake. One bank rises sharply into a fine grove where tables and benches make an inviting picnic spot. On the same slope the "club house" stands close to the water. The long building is screened on three sides and is equipped with a kitchen at one end and a dressing room at the other, all concrete floored. Four old wooden wagon wheels are suspended from the ceiling, each carrying eight electric lights.

We lingered—the cattails around the water's edge, the goldenrod nodding in the breeze on the opposite bank, and the rustling of the falling leaves in the woods behind the club house—here was concentrated peace. The lake is so well stocked with fish that a four pound bass catch it nothing unusual. Incidentally, fishing is the family hobby.

The Hinderer home, on the corner of the farm nearest to town, is a fine ten room residence, completely modern. While Grace Hinderer was hunting up pictures of the house for us, we asked: "Why do you always take them when there is a snow on? Your drive and land-

scaping are so beautiful, especially this time of year when there are berries on the pyragantha bushes." She explained: "Well, you see, we send most of them to my folks in Georgia, and they like them best that way since they don't have snow."

A semi-circular drive leads upgrade from the highway to the attractive entrance of the Hinderer home, which was built in 1933. A velvety lawn, a well clipped hedge bordering the drive, and a blue spruce on each side of the colonial stoop, make an inviting approach to the house. The first floor is comprised of a long cozy living room, with a huge fireplace, and a sun parlor, on the west of the entrance hall; a master bedroom and bath on the east side; and a large dining room and kitchen, each brightened with four windows to the south. Built-in corner cupboards hold the family treasures of old china, including a four cornered majolica pitcher. The second floor has five airy bedrooms and a bath. In one of the bedrooms are two seven-foot beds for the two tall sons, Harvey M. and Harry K.

Upon graduation from the University of Illinois, Harvey was employed by the Curtiss-Wright Company, at St. Louis, and is now on leave while in military service. He has two young daughters, Joan and Sue. Harry, who lives in Park Ridge, Illinois, has been a government auditor since 1936. He was graduated from Illinois College, at Jacksonville. Harry's two year old daughter, Anne, misses her daddy badly for he, too, is in service.

"When folks had gas and tires, we had lots of company," Mrs. Hinderer said on being asked what two people did with such a big house. "Now the days are long and lonely. We look forward to normal conditions, when our friends can visit us again."

Varsity & Rodgers Theatres

Carbondale, Illinois

☆

Rodgers & Yale Theatres

Anna, Illinois

☆

Gem & Rodgers Theatres

Cairo, Illinois

Geo. L. Mesker & Co.

Evansville, Ind.

Structural Steel

FOR ALL TYPES OF BUILDINGS

STANDARD SECTIONAL

PREFABRICATED STEEL BUILDINGS

LOANS

FOR ANY PURPOSE

OFFICES IN

Centralia — Marion
Harrisburg — Murphysboro
Mt. Vernon — Robinson

West Frankfort

LIMERICK FINANCE

CORPORATION

Tried and True

Founded in 1872

CLINE-VICK

DRUG STORES

Marion — Herrin — Benton
Carbondale — Carterville

E. Blankenship & Co.

Egypt's Largest Stock of Auto Parts

MARION
MURPHYSBORO
CARBONDALE
MT. VERNON
HARRISBURG
BENTON
CAIRO

We Help Keep Them Rolling

Love's Request

By EVA M. CRUSE

Within my hut of lowly fare
Sweet rest and peace awaited there
  At set of sun.
My humble 'bode lent calm of heart;
I pondered there—the world apart,
  When day was done.

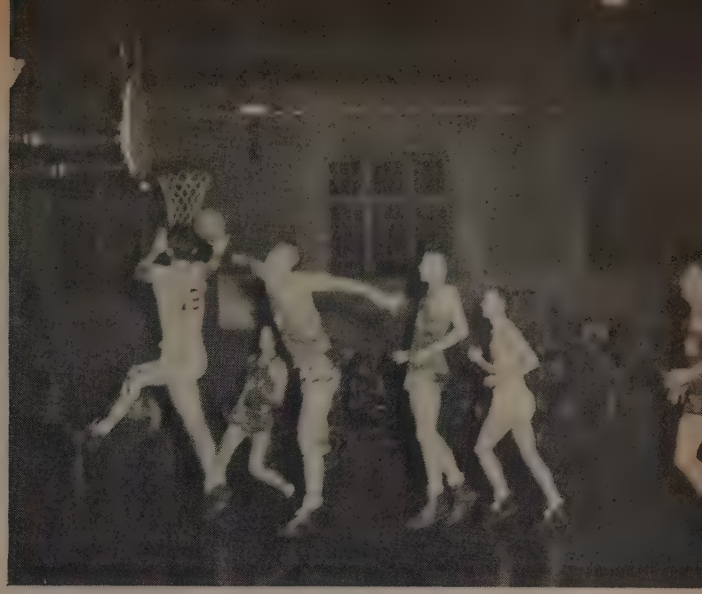
The twilight shades dimmed deep to deep,
Ere weary eyes sought rest of sleep,
  In gloaming's hour.
Soft lined shadows from embers' glow
Brought memories of long ago
  At midnight's lower.

Then came, perchance, through loving quest,
A gentle knock of seeking guest
  At my closed door.
The mystic sound at midnight chimes
Strangely recalled the many times
  He'd knocked before.

My humble home 'came hallowed place;
Beholding there the well known face—
  I bade Him come.
Made I Him room as transient guest?
Nay, now abides at love's request
  The Holy One.

At the foot of the chalk cliffs, Pine Hills.

Photo by Bob Riseling, Murphysboro



Top—The basketball five of Southern Illinois Normal University in action. S.I.N.U. is a strong contender for the conference championship. Right—Charley and Bill Hudgens with the day's trophies. Bottom—Happy hunters—Val Browning, Royalton, Asa Sharp, Royalton, William Emerson, Christopher. (Photo by Cox Studio, Carbondale).

Winter Sports in Egypt

Egyptian Starlight

IV. John Reed Hodge

A son of Egypt goes forth to war. In the far Pacific area a native son leads gallant American soldiers to victory.

IN ITS account of the assault landing on the island of Leyte, the magazine *Time* referred to participation by the Twenty-Fourth Corps, commanded by "stocky, phlegmatic Major General John R. Hodge, captor of Munda." The reporter may be excused for mentioning only one of the General's exploits, for his combat experience in the Pacific theatre includes not only the New Georgia campaign where he served as "guest conductor" of the New England 43d Division and led them in the capture of Munda airport, but his earlier service as assistant commander of the splendid 25th in the clean-up of Guadalcanal and his later participation at Bougainville as the "old man" of his own American Division, also veterans of Guadalcanal.

This tough and seasoned combat officer is much happier in battle dress than in full uniform and it is far from certain that he wore the regulation blouse even when the Army entertained the President in Hawaii last summer. If he did, it bore not only his treasured Air Observer's wings but an impressive array of ribbons gathered during his twenty-seven years of continuous commissioned service. Service ribbons telling of St. Mihiel, the Argonne, the Army of Occupation and of his unusually active career in the Pacific theatre of this war were supplemented by those representing the Legion of Merit, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Silver Star, and the Purple Heart, all earned in actual combat.

John Reed Hodge was born June 12, 1893, on a farm near Golconda, Illinois, the second son of John H. Hodge and Melissa Steagall Hodge and the grandson of Captain William Hodge, officer in an Illinois regiment during the Civil War. He was a small child when the family moved to Golconda after the father was elected county superintendent of schools, and still in his first decade when his mother, then a youthful widow, took her little family to Carbondale, where she was for many

years a teacher in the public schools and where she still lives with her sister, Dr. Mary M. Steagall, Professor Emerita of Zoology, Southern Illinois Normal University.

Young Hodge was in his junior year of architectural engineering at the University of Illinois when war was declared in 1917. He was top man his class and already had been elected to Tau Beta Pi, engineering honor society. The summer found him enrolled in another school at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, graduating as a provisional second lieutenant in the regular army. Serving with the famous Fifth (Red Diamond) Division, he emerged from the war a temporary captain, and with an efficiency record that made his superiors glad to offer him a permanent commission only one rank lower.

Throughout his peace time career in the army, Hodge's efficiency record maintained its exceptional character, with the result that he drew very few soft assignments and had little time for hunting, fishing, and golf, at all of which he displays easy and natural skill. However, his performance commanded recognition. He completed the schooling at Fort Leavenworth while still a captain and graduated from the War College at about the time he became a major. Appointment to the General Staff followed soon, his work there being in G-3 (Training and Operations). From this arduous job he went, in early 1941, to a tougher one as chief of staff for the Seventh Corps. Appointment as assistant commander of the 25th Division, with a temporary rank of brigadier general, was welcomed as a long step toward the shining goal of having his own division. That goal was attained in another year, and General Hodge's subsequent career is on record in official communiques.

Before going overseas in 1917 the young lieutenant was married to Miss Lydia Parsons, a Pennsylvania girl who had been teaching music at Southern Illinois Normal University. Their daughter, Barbara, the first woman to be chief editor of the University of Alabama student daily, was married recently to Flight Officer Edmund Cody Hall, in civil life a successful young newspaper man. The General has still to meet his son-in-law and has not seen his wife and daughter for three full years.

At fifty-one, and after undergoing hardships that have sent many young athletes home for rehabilitation, General Hodge remains physically powerful and mentally alert. Of medium height and compact build, his close-cropped hair is thick and shows little gray, while the spectacles he discarded on leaving college in 1917, have never been replaced. Piercing eyes and a formidable jaw indicate a stern disciplinarian and an implacable adversary. Like his good friend "Bull" Halsey, however, he never fails in his deep and kindly concern for the boys who are his responsibility. Their judgment of him was expressed by a convalescent sergeant from his old American Division. Reduced to quotable form, it is: "He's a top-notch 'old man'—and a fightin' fool."

"H'm . . . guess I'll make a Sahara Washed Coal ad out of this!"

SAHARA COAL COMPANY . . . Chicago • St. Louis • Minneapolis

Looking Ahead with Egypt

By WILL GRIFFITH

Carmi

THE Donald Downen Couch Company has started manufacturing operations at Carmi. The company manufactures studio couches which are convertible into beds. At present, although not yet in full production, the plant is turning out 150 couches a month. This new Carmi industry has spent $20,000 on equipment, installations, and building changes. Further expenditures to the amount of $60,000 are planned.

At the end of the war, when all restrictions are removed, it is expected the Donald Downen Couch Company will employ 200 persons and will build a new plant.

Cairo

A branch of Bowser, Inc. will be in operation in a few weeks in the old Tideman plant on North Sycamore Street. More than two hundred persons will be employed with a weekly payroll of $10,000. A ten year lease has been signed by the corporation which will operate at first as a war plant. Upon the end of the war, the plant will be converted to peace time production. Deliveries of items manufactured for the War Department are scheduled to start early in May.

Bowser, Inc. manufacturers meter and computing pumps, meters, tanks, oil and beverage filters, storage, distribution and reclaiming systems for gasolines and oils, and refrigeration and control units.

Claude F. Bollman, assistant treasurer of the corporation has been named resident manager at Cairo.

Benton

Another honor has come to Egypt. In 1940, the Master Mechanic and the Master Electrician of the

Scenes at Lake Benton. Left—Boathouse and dock. Top right—Bathhouse. Bottom right—Bathing beach.

Southern Illinois Penitentiary conceived a trophy which was executed by the inmates of the prison and then presented to the State Department of Public Health. This trophy was to be awarded to a water works plant and its superintendent as a symbol of the efficiency of the plant and the quality of the water furnished during the year. Without a lot of technical terms, it simply means that the trophy is awarded to the best operating water system in Illinois. The trophy is held for the twelve-month period and at the end of that time is passed to the plant and superintendent making the best record for that year.

In 1941, the first year of the award, the trophy was awarded to St. Elmo; in 1942, to Hillsboro; and in 1943, to Aurora. The Benton water works, Herman Garner, superintendent, was accorded this honor in 1944, the first city in Egypt to receive this recognition.

Made of monel metal, the trophy has on the center of the faces outlines of the State of Illinois with the centers of the outlines in the state colors, orange and blue. The standard is mounted on a solid walnut base.

Community owned, the Benton Water Works, in addition to furnishing the highest grade of pure water to the citizens, offers a recreational area of which the community can be proud. There are four lakes in the system: Lake Benton and Lake Hamilton, owned by the city, and two other lakes under the control of the water department but the property of the C. & E. I. Railroad. Lake Benton covers 70 acres and Lake Hamilton, 45 acres. The lakes and the grounds adjacent total 335 acres.

In the summer, the city water supply is taken from Lake Hamilton as Lake Benton is used for recreational purposes, although affording a water reserve against any emergency. Situated four miles north from Benton and a short distance east of the highway, the property is utilized to the utmost for the benefit of the citizenry.

There is a fine sand bathing beach and modern bath house. The bath house is equipped with toilets and showers, has hot and cold running water, and locker accommodations. A dance pavillion is adjacent to the bath house. Small boats and outboard motors are for rent at the boat house and dock.

Girl Scout and Boy Scout cabins have been provided. The stone pavillion, built of old curbing from Benton streets, is open twelve months in the year to parties upon application, without charge. A 30 by 60 foot structure, it is equipped with electric lights, has a fireplace at each end, and a dance floor in the center.

On the lake property are three rifle ranges, respectively, 50, 150, and 220 yards. A golf course has been provided for the lovers of that game. Outdoor ovens and picnic grounds are scattered over the area.

At present, there are twenty-five cabins, privately owned, along the lake shore. Electric current is available to all. Some of these cabins are all the year around homes, others merely for summer use.

The Benton Water Department is experimenting in the prevention of soil erosion, trying out in 1944, the Kudzu vine. Tree planting, started in 1939, has now reached a point where 150,000 trees of nine different species have been transplanted onto the lake property.

Scenes at Lake Benton. Top to bottom—Boy Scout cabin, picnic grounds, power house, pavillion.

6
Electricians
Egypt's Largest Electrical Contractors
BOYD'S
Electrical Supply Co.
PHONE 885
204 E. Main St. Carbondale, Illinois

Enriched
GILSTER'S BEST
and
Featherlite Flour
For Better Baking
GILSTER MILLING CO.
STEELEVILLE, ILLINOIS

Most for your Money!
Burning Star
is a thrifty fuel for domestic use — and its excellent qualities for steam purposes make it an "all-star" performer in the plant.
•
You will be "thrifty," too, in the best sense of the word, if you buy
WAR BONDS
Truax-Traer
COAL COMPANY
Shell Building
Central 8515 St. Louis, Mo. L. D. 31

The lakes are stocked with fish by the State Conservation Department.

The Benton Water Works is operated on a profitable basis. In addition to furnishing the community with pure water at a reasonable cost, it is supplying the community with a much needed recreational area.

Herrin

The Herrin Chamber of Commerce has completed a campaign to prepare for the post-war civilian production. A fund of $100,000 has been raised for the creation of factory space.

Cairo

The Eagle Lock Company, Terryville, Connecticut, is opening a branch manufacturing plant in the Johnson Building on Commercial Avenue. Manufacturers of locks, screws, and special hardware for more than one hundred years, the company is a subsidiary of Bowser, Inc., of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The Eagle Lock Company will employ two hundred persons on a war contract for the Navy.

Donald C. Plumb who has been at Terryville, Connecticut, has been appointed manager of the Cairo plant.

Carmi

A new record for the United States for towns of the size of Carmi was set by that community when it organized a Chamber of Commerce in a speedy campaign which resulted in a starting membership of 220 and $17,000 for the first year's budget. On February 1, the office of secretary will be filled by Roderick W. Cartier, who has been secretary of the West Frankfort Chamber of Commerce.

Herrin

The Herrin High School has just received from the federal government the vocational building and the machinery therein. This gives Herrin High School one one of the finest vocational set-ups in Egypt.

Southern Illinois Historical Society

At the meeting of the sub-committee of the Illinois Post War Planning Commission, held at Carbondale, in the late fall, the Southern Illinois Historical Society, through its president, Dr. Richard L. Beyer, made a plea for the preservation of the historic sites of the area. At the invitation of the committee, the society subsequently sent to the committee a detailed list of recommendations.

The historic sites recommended for post-war work were: the bank building, the Marshall house, and the Posey building at Old Shawneetown; the Illinois Blast Furnace, near Rosiclare; the Marine Ways at Mound

Please send change of address to EGYPTIAN KEY, Carbondale, Illinois, giving your old address together with your new address. Copies of the KEY mailed to your old address will not be forwarded by the Post Office unless extra postage is sent to the Post Office by the subscriber. Be sure of getting your magazines promptly and save the extra expense by notifying the EGYPTIAN KEY of your change of address.

City; the Thebes courthouse; the Cantonment Wilkinson-Ville; the Cairo Opera House; Woodlawn Cemetery, Carbondale, site of the first Memorial Day services; the Old Slave House near Equality; the Rose Hotel at Elizabethtown; the John Mason Peck home near O'Fallon; Enfield Academy.

The society further proposed the establishment of a reconstructed French village at Cahokia, utilizing as a nucleus thereof, the Church of the Holy Family, erected in 1799, the priest's house, the Jarrot mansion and the Cahokia courthouse. The restoration of the Gallatin Salines near Equality, and the erection of a suitable marker and memorial at Jonesboro on the site of the third Lincoln-Douglas debate, were proposed.

All-weather roads were suggested to Westwood Cemetery, near Shawneetown; to the Illinois Blast Furnace; to the Gallatin Salines; to Cantonment Wilkinson-Ville; and to the Old Slave House. The route of George Rogers Clark from Massac Creek to Kaskaskia and back to Vincennes, Indiana, and also the route of the Cherokee from Golconda to the Mississippi River were suggested as befitting of appropriate marking.

It also was recommended that the Indian village site, known as the Linn site, near Reynoldsville, be preserved and restored.

The society, acting in accordance with the request of the sub-committee, recommended only projects which would require a considerable number of work-hours to complete. No mention was made of the Kaskaskia church memorial as plans have been made for its erection.

ELY & WALKER

St. Louis

Manufacturers Distributors

Converters

Michael - Leonard Company

333-355 W. 35th Street

Chicago 16, Illinois

•

Producers and distributors

GARDEN SEEDS - HYBRID SWEET CORN

IOWEALTH HYBRID CORN - ONION SETS

LAWN GRASS SEED

•

Michael-Leonard Seeds are sold by hundreds of dealers in Southern Illinois.

Plant Michael-Leonard Seeds this year for a more productive garden.

BETTER Chicks

WELLS HATCHERY

AT JUNCTION OF HI-WAY 13 AND BLACK DIAMOND TRAIL

Baby Chix and Sexed Chix

Custom Hatching

For Service

PHONE 220

Murphysboro

Jamesway Equipment

Egyptian Benches

Stone bench erected on the campus of the Anna-Jonesboro Community High School to the memory of William Wallace Faris, founder, in 1883, of Union Academy. The design was chosen by a committee composed of Mrs. W. C. Mangold, chairman, Mrs. C. H. Wiley, Lynn D. Sifford, and Edson Smith, of Anna and Elnora K. Davie of Jonesboro. (Courtesy of "Anna Talk").

Picnic benches in Riverside Park, Murphysboro. The snow covered top of the band shell can be distinguished just back of the benches.

Photo by Roger Q Kimmel, Murphysboro

POWER UNLIMITED

Some of the greatest deposits of coal in America are to be found in Egypt. The vast supply of bituminous coal in Southern Illinois furnishes employment to many hundreds of men, provides work for many railroad employees, and as a fuel furnishes heat, electric light, and power for thousands of industries.

Inasmuch as coal is such an important part of the economic life of Egypt, the citizens of the area should see, by all means, the motion picture short "Power Unlimited." Although the actual pictures were not made in Southern Illinois, they well could have been. The methods of mining shown, the depth of the coal seams, the battalions of coal cars in the railroad yards, in fact the entire picture, fit the Egyptian scene.

"Power Unlimited" was produced by Pathé and is released by R K O pictures. It is an authentic presentation, made with the co-operation of the coal industry. It is primarily an educational short, a part of the "This is America" series. The picture is proof of the claim that education can be made most interesting.

Readers of KEY will recognize in the film several of the most modern mining machines as shown in the article "Egypt's Coal Bucket" in the October, 1943 issue.

As one studies the coal industry in Egypt, the question rises constantly: "Why haul the coal hundreds of miles from the mines to feed it into furnaces to produce electric power? Why not build the power plants adjacent to the source of supply and thereby save a great amount of expense and loss?"

Further study brings forth another question: "Why does industry locate in congested cities so far from the source of supply?"

Then, in succession, the questions catapult. "Does industry know about the vast untouched resources of Egypt? Do we, the citizens of the area, realize the potential prosperity that could be brought to the area if it were exploited properly? Do we really know our own land? Are we really interested in our section? Do our schools teach our children the possibilities of Egypt?"

One answer will be found in "Power Unlimited."

We hope the editors of this series of movie shorts will recognize some of the possibilities of the area from a motion picture entertainment standpoint. Successful features could be made of the peach and apple orchards of Egypt, of the recreational areas, of the fluorspar mines of the network of rivers, and of the forests.

serving you

RETAIL LUMBER DEALER

as manufacturers

and jobbers of

WINDOWS SASH DOORS

FRAMES MILLWORK

L. J. KEITH & SON

FAIRFIELD, ILLINOIS

Phone 241

WHY BUY WHEN WE SUPPLY?

RENT YOUR

TOWELS, APRONS, JACKETS,

TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS

We Are the Only Exclusive Towel and Linen Supply House in Egypt

Selmier Peerless Towel Supply

300 S. Washington Phones 166 & 160

Carbondale, Illinois

Producers Creamery of Carbondale, Illinois

Stop Termite Damage

Protects Over TERMINIX Bonded-Insured Termite Insulation **90,000 Structures**

FREE INSPECTIONS

Call Your Local Lumber Yard

or Write

OHIO VALLEY TERMINIX CORP.

407 Old National Bank Bldg. 4-4841

EVANSVILLE 16, INDIANA

Bonifield Brothers Truck Line

GENERAL FREIGHT SERVICE

Terminals

Paducah - Metropolis - Chicago - St. Louis

West Frankfort - Mount Vernon - Evansville

Serving Southern Illinois daily from each of these terminals

Metropolis, Illinois, Home Office: Telephone 400

Egyptorials

A Gentle Hint

In Murphysboro, on the G. M. & O. right of way, stands a stone monument marking the birthplace of General John A. Logan. There is an iron railing around this important memorial. Little more can be said.

It seems to us that the railroad should recognize the fact that it is, so to speak, the custodian of that marker. Why should it look so unkempt and shabby? Cannot the railroad squeeze enough out of its war profits to rehabilitate this memorial to so important an Egyptian?

It would please all Egyptians, please us all greatly, if some of the corporations which take quite a sizable revenue from the area, also would take an interest in our civic ideals. Can a corporation, a foreign corporation, find any better way to build public relations than by becoming identified with the community through its participation in matters civic? It costs so little and pays such big dividends in good will.

Herewith Our Thanks

It seems befitting at this time to make public expression of thanks to the Teachers College Board of Illinois. The Egyptian Key wishes to express the general appreciation of the citizens of the area of Egypt for the fine appointment of Doctor Chester F. Lay to the presidency of Southern Illinois Normal University. The Teachers College Board has given to our university a man worthy of the school, of the area, and of the board.

To Whom It May Concern

A few days ago, the Illinois Central Railroad announced the gift to the Newberry Library at Chicago, of all its corporate records from its incorporation in 1851 to 1906.

Six and one-half tons of material will be available to research students at the Newberry Library, material that in a large degree deals with Southern Illinois.

The Egyptian Key appreciates the gift of the railroad. We wish more corporations would follow suit. There is one criticism we have to make, however, and we make it, not in a carping spirit, not to find fault with a gracious gesture, but in an effort to impress on certain persons and certain corporations, the proper institution to receive such gifts.

In the case of the Illinois Central Railroad, its inception was in Egypt, Illinois. Its early history is tied tightly to Southern Illinois. Where could be found a better place to deposit such material than in the area chiefly concerned? One does not go to France to search for Chinese history!

The Southern Illinois Normal University is building up a research library. Recently it has received from Clint Clay Tilton, of Danville, Illinois, the gift of his large private collection of Lincolniana and American History. Just a few more such gifts and Southern will have a reference library of importance. The youth of Egypt merits such a library, the area is entitled to such a research center.

Others seeking to dispose of their valued historical documents and collections please note. Render unto Southern the gifts that are southern.

Time to Begin Thinking

Some of these days, the bells will ring, the whistles will blow, we'll all be happy. It will be the end of the war. No one can predict the exact date that hostilities will cease but the allies have progressed far enough that all thinking persons know the ultimate end. Pray God that end is not far off.

When the war ends, many fine American citizens, in that first flush of joy, will propose memorials to the boys who fought so gloriously. Memorials these boys deserve and memorials they must have. But let us not rush in to erect something that will take our money and which, in later years, will only clutter up the scenery.

In that mood we offer the suggestion that all of us, now, begin to visualize the kind of a World War II Memorial that we would like to see. Let us recognize the fact that America has many statues today that are of very little interest to the present generation and are a trial to keep presentable. Let us remember the multitude of plaques that abound in our country and which no one reads today.

There are several outstanding memorials to our fighters of former wars. These are dignified, artistic, yet utilitarian projects which will remain forever a token of our respect and devotion. We are thinking of memorial forests, of beautiful bridges, of civic centers, of hospitals, of all such memorials.

Mayhap there is an even better idea than any as yet used. In your idle moments turn your thoughts to the future. It may be that your well-thought-out suggestion will prevent an error at that hysterical time.

Spring Suggestion

Spring will soon be here. It is true that with the abolition of all but necessary travel, Egypt will not have so many visitors. Let us not lose our morale. Let us keep our beloved area up to its usual standard.

Who can tell what the future holds? It may be that ere snow flies again all restrictions will be removed and we will have many visitors. If such optimistic wishes do not come to pass, let us be prepared and, like the Englishman in the wilds of Africa, dress for dinner. Let us brighten up our own corner if only for ourselves. It will pay us.

Give Him Time

Southern Illinois Normal University has a president, Doctor Chester F. Lay.

The new president has made a most favorable impression in the few weeks he has been on the job.

It will be necessary for him to learn all the ins and outs of Southern, all the ramifications of Illinois politics, all the cliques and factions, all the strings that have to be pulled. At first Doctor Lay will have to walk carefully — we would not want him to hurry.

Give the man time. If it seems to you that things are not moving quite as fast as you want them, if the new president has not yet gotten around to attending to your pet project — give him time.

He will get there.

Take Two—

One for yourself and one for a friend or relative who lives outside of Egypt. What better way can you combine a boost for your own beloved Egypt with many hours of pleasure for yourself as you read about the citizens, the beauty, the industries, the history, the lore of your homeland.

Two for Two—

Two subscriptions to the EGYPTIAN KEY will cost you only $2.00—$1.00 each. (Outside of Continental United States the subscription price is $2.00).

Six for One—

Six issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY will be mailed anywhere in the United States for one dollar.

Six times you receive a twenty-five cent magazine for just a one-dollar bill.

Opens the Doors of Southern Illinois

Phone 81 **Neber Building**

Carbondale, Illinois

INVASION TOOLS *Don't Last Forever!*

Far more than eternal gratitude is due our armed forces who are giving so much as they storm beachheads around the world. Due them, among other things, is continued all-out production to maintain the flow of fighting tools and equipment to the limit of their needs. There must be no let down on the home front.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To this end, coal is vital . . . and the supply is coming through. Mines are pouring a record flood into the making of guns, ships, parachutes, sulfa drugs, endless other necessities. Already, it would take four excavations like that for the Panama Canal to hold the coal mined since Pearl Harbor.

In this, we of Peabody have a modest share. Our mines turned out a record total for 1943 and we are working towards a still higher goal. We're humbly proud to have a clear part in backing our fighting men as well as the needs of our civilian welfare.

PEABODY COAL COMPANY

Established 1883

231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago 4, Illinois

BRANCHES: SPRINGFIELD • ST. LOUIS • OMAHA • MINNEAPOLIS • CINCINNATI • NEW YORK

PRODUCERS OF COAL IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS SINCE 1895